Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 23, 1963 / 25¢

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Articles by Charles R. Anderson - John S. Dickey
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THE MERIT OF PO

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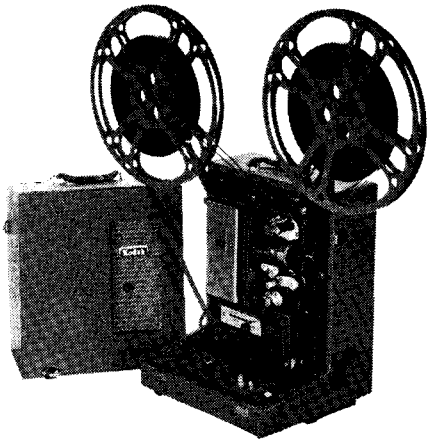

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In my grander moments, I like to think of these columns as little essays. Since I know damned right well they are not essays, and since I have more sober moments than grand ones, the presumptuous thought is easily erased.

I have been examining a volume which is calculated to drive the thought out of my mind permanently. It is the new book edited by Charles Neider, *The Complete Essays of Mark Twain*. At $4.95, with 700 pages of Twain, it is surely one of the season's biggest book buys, in all good senses of the word big.

This work opens with "Salutatory," a short essay written at about the time Clemens became an associate editor of the Buffalo *Express*. It is a salute to his predecessor who had foregone the opportunity to write one of "those tearful, blubbering, long-winded 'valedictories'—wherein a man who has been annoying the public for ten years cannot take leave of them without sitting down to cry for a column and a half." The book closes with his "Letter from the Recording Angel," an invoice sent to a somewhat less than benevolent coal dealer to cover the cost of prayers granted. The Angel suggests that all heaven is glad the coal dealer is coming there, and so is hell.

Along the way we have been treated, thanks to Mr. Neider's painstaking reconstruction of the Twain legacy, to such items as "Is Shakespeare Dead?" "How to Make History Dates Stick" (complete with Twain drawings), and Twain's seventieth birthday statement. End of essay.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Complete Essays of Mark Twain ($4.95) follows Mr. Neider's collections of Twain's *Short Stories* ($3.95) and *Humorous Sketches and Tales* ($4.95). All are published by Doubleday Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22. All are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Blvd., Clayton 24, Missouri.

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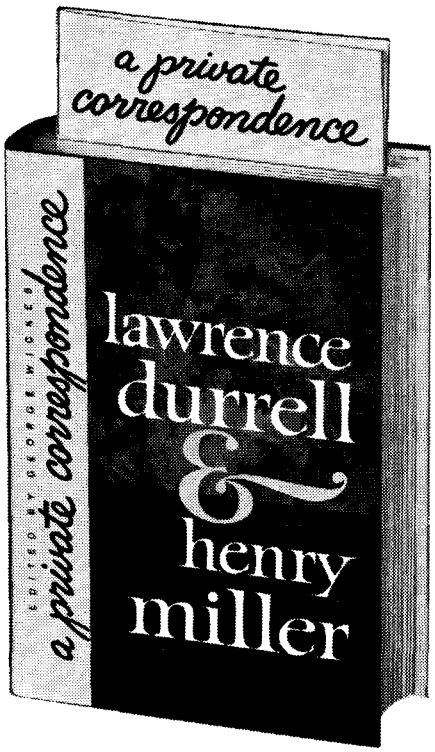

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THE MAN IN THE GRAY
FLANNERY McCULLER-ALLS

MAUDIE WATERTROUGH sat and sat in the stagnant ditch water beside the hot tar-sweating road, clutching in one hand her damp possum sandwich from last Sunday, and in the other a larvae-skimmed Coca-Cola, and in the other a shiny brass trumpet. Occasionally an automobile would shoot by and honk at the fat little girl, showering her with sticky tar like licorice frosting on a cake, and she would raise the lovely trumpet to her lip and honk back loudly. The evening sunset burned fiery red over the swamp like a rabid peacock's eye. The next day a car stopped. Crawling out through its busted windshield, like gray toothpaste from a tube, came Mr. Henry J., the weasel-faced piano tuner from nearby Gomorrahburg, Georgia. Maudie Watertrough watched him slyly, as if he were a Gomorrahburg piano tuner.

Henry J. hitched up his gray coveralls with his teeth and stared down the road. "Don't seem like folks is any good fur nothin no more," he said to the girl. She blew a short reply on her trumpet. "And I sure would greatly admire to own that shiny brass horn."

Henry J. drove Maudie in his car into town where he said his yes and Maudie trumpeted hers to the town Peace Justice. An hour later, after their honeymoon, he locked Mrs. Henry J. in the motel and lit it afire and drove away, honking Bach fugues on his shiny brass horn.

Maudie Henry J. was almost completely saved from burning by the windowpeeping Chinese dwarf from across the street. She went home then and wrote up what had happened to her for the *Sewanee Review*, and started back down to the ditch.

—TED SCHAEFER.

• • •

SIC TRANSIT
GLORIA GAMBLING

FATHER was a roulette dealer. He was a member of that exclusive fraternity whose arcane skill set them apart from the generality of mankind. I remember him vividly, green eyeshade, vest, gold watch chain with pendant Elk's tooth, cigarette holder. He used to stand behind the wheel and do the most wonderful things with chips and silver dollars; he could make a dollar do a sinuous dance between his fingers, weaving in and out and around and about; he could shuffle a stack of chips as if they were cards—and with one hand, mind you.

Father would have considered it an insult to have someone stack and count chips for him—a "mucker," as he used to call such a menial. Regardless of how busy the wheel was, Father worked at his deceptive pace, always keeping ahead of the whole game, but always appearing unrushed, unruffled, unconcerned.

The saloon in which he worked was a thing of beauty, a joy, a home for the weary, a real bombshell for the bored. It was a place where people came to drink whiskey and beer; it was a place where people came to gamble. And no hanky-panky.

The other day, in a fit of nostalgia for the good old times, I hustled my wife off to Elko, a town which in my youth had been honest, straightforward, and unabashed in its vice. As we drove across the desert, I told my wife about the old Lucky Strike, where the girls were, I told her about the unblemished saloons where men and women could do some honest-to-god drinking with no silly tourists ordering Planter's Punch or sloe gin fizz. In short, I painted her a picture of those gone but golden times which I had experienced in the club.

Sic transit! Elko turned out to be a pale imitation of Las Vegas—riddled, overrun, and flooded with slick combos, with bands imitating Guy Lombardo and Lawrence Welk; there were trios and sisters and brothers of the musical ilk. The sloe gin flowed. Three-fourths of the drinks were hues of pastels. The old Lucky Strike had been made into I don't know what. I was afraid to go in to investigate. It was probably a tourist trap designed to shock but not really offend all the mothers from Iowa whose kids were safely asleep in clean, air-conditioned motels.

But oh! the heart-rending, disillusioning change was in the dealers. Eagerly I looked around for a member of the old school, the proud aristocrat of the gaming table. I should have known that if any remained, they would have retired before the tide of colorless

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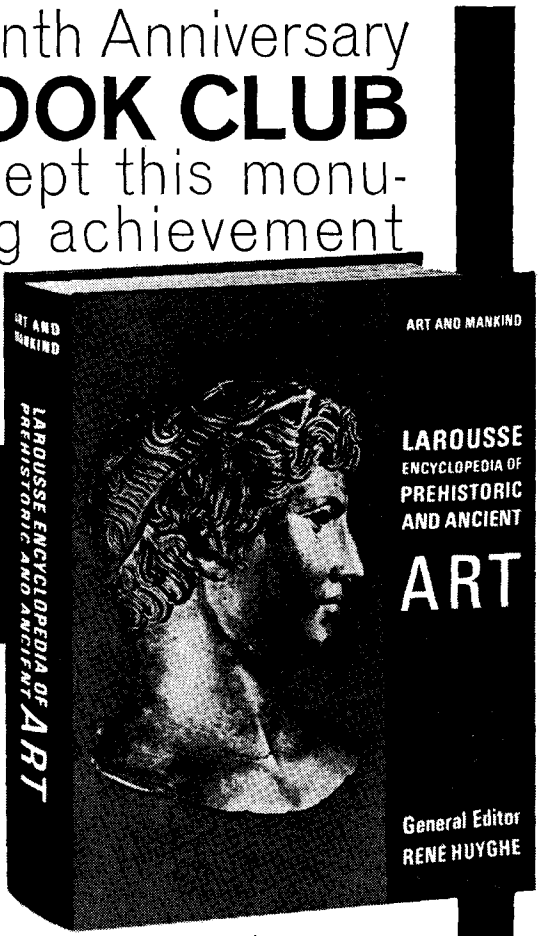

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hacks with no flair for the colorful or respect for the noble.

Father used to stand behind the roulette table as a benevolent despot. I suspect that he never did make a error, but certainly he, like the physician, would never admit to one in any case. Quietly, kindly, but firmly he would explain that the chip had been split between two numbers instead of being played straight up. Thus, he would say with forbearance, the payoff was seventeen rather than thirty-five chips. He would allow no rebuttal, nor would he descend to arguing.

But the present-day dealer! His pseudo-cowboy dress should have tipped me off. But I didn't realize how the profession had changed until I heard a dealer arguing with a lady tourist. Father would have intimidated her with his apparent omniscience; then he would have explained the rules of the game. By the time the evening was over, she would have been sitting before him, an awestricken but loving disciple.

Well, let these newfangled dealers argue with the ladies in straw hats and shorts. I'm going to take another trip to Nevada. But this time I'll try Eureka or Rhyolite or Austin. Perhaps in those dying and dead towns I'll find just one remaining dealer who'll make me feel that for a few hours I can hobnob once again with the elect.

—W. Ross Winterowd.

• • •

YOUR MOVE, DR. ILG

I HAVE just completed several complicated hours (with a splitting headache) trying to sift the causes of disputes among my young—*real* disputes, the sort that child psychologists out of sheer cowardice or cussedness never grapple with in their books or newspaper columns. For example:

1. Emily, age seven, claims sister Mary, age nine, *touched* her bed. Emily admits that she, in retaliation, then *touched* Mary's bed and that Mary then struck her.

2. Mary's version is that Emily started it by *touching* her on the left foot. She denies that she touched Emily's bed at all. It was when Emily *touched* her left foot, according to Mary, that she struck her sister.

3. Enter John, age five. He accuses both girls of entering his room without his permission and *looking* at his goldfish. The girls deny this vehemently They say they asked and received permission because they were specially anxious to look at the fish on account of they wanted to see if another had died during the night.

—Rex Polier.

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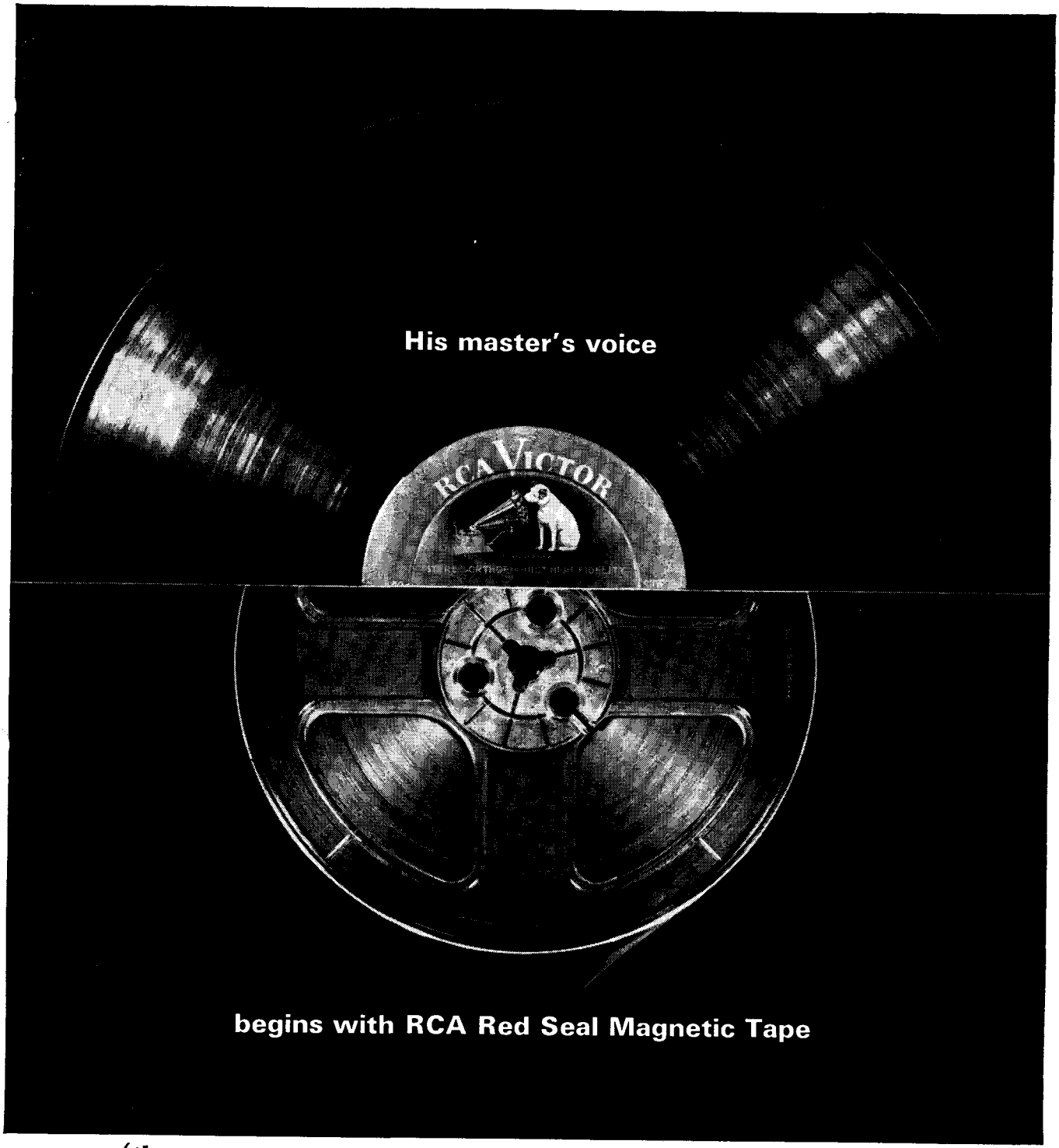

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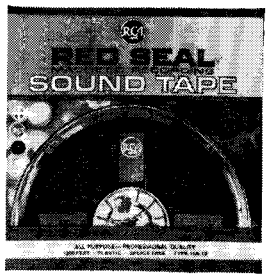

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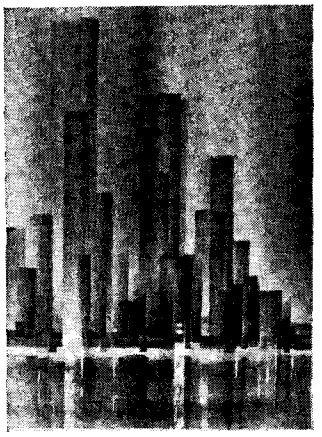

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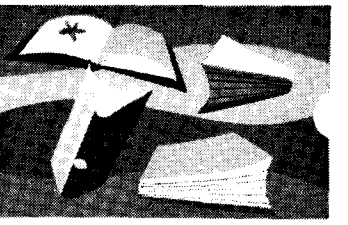
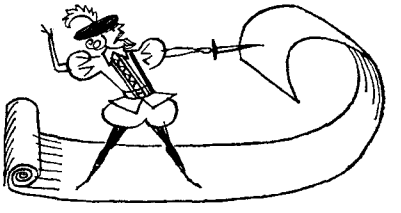


SOME TIME AGO, in a city we can't remember, we saw a delivery truck whisk by us bearing the legend: "Macbeth Cleaners (Out, out, damned spot!)." Ever since that time, we've been brooding heavily on the endless opportunities for enterprise going down the drain through the failure to utilize the classics for industrial slogans. The slogans are *there*, panting and ready. The only lack now is a string of companies to go with them.



Some day, for instance, somebody has got to start the Victor Refuse Company (To the Victor belongs the spoils). And certainly the world will be found wanting until someone comes along to create the Mercy Baby Foods Company (The quality of Mercy is not strained). Things will also be pretty dull until the Dagger Tail Light Company (Is that a Dagger I see before me?) is formed, to say nothing of the great vacuum which will exist until the Caesar Corn Exchange (Lend us your ears) floats its common stock.

Life will be a lot brighter when the Macduff Linoleum Company (Lay on, Macduff) comes into being, and when we can get the correct time signals from the Joint Clock Company (The time is out of Joint).

As a matter of fact, we don't need to hold strictly to the classics for admirable slogans. Bob Baker writes us that he would like to start the Pig Pen Company (You never run out of oink), and Barbara Lawless is interested in investing in the Naples Dye and Chemical Corporation (See Naples and dye). Any more ideas?

WITH THE NEW YORK newspaper strike making news of books and publishers difficult to come by these days, here are a few items this department has rounded up:

Judges for the 1963 contest conducted by *Story* magazine for the best short stories from American colleges have just been announced. They include Elizabeth Enright, *SR*'s Richard L. Tobin, and Ralph Henderson of the Reader's Digest Book Club. The contest closes April 10, and $2,000 in prizes will be awarded. Hallie Burnett, co-editor of *Story* with Whit Burnett, is contest director.

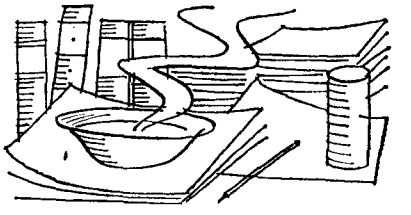
Leading contenders for the National Book Awards $1,000 literary prizes to be awarded on March 12 include "Pale Fire," by Vladimir Nabokov; "Ship of Fools," by Katherine Anne Porter; "The Golden Spur," by Dawn Powell; "Morte D'Urban," by J. F. Powers; "Going Away," by Clancy Sigal; and "Pigeon Feathers," by John Updike.

Among the contenders in nonfiction are Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring," Leon Edel's "Henry James," the Gelbs' "O'Neill," Alfred Kazin's "Contemporaries," Frederic Morton's "The Rothschilds," Ernest Simmons's "Chekhov," Page Smith's "John Adams," Barbara Tuchman's "The Guns of August," and Edmund Wilson's "Patriotic Gore."

Dr. Robert Oppenheimer will be the speaker at the Book Awards ceremony.

Down in Washington, Robert B. Luce will continue to head up his own book publishing company, but will also become publisher of *The New Republic*. Murray Kempton, former columnist for the *New York Post*, will join the staff of the magazine as an editor.

The second edition of the International Peace/Disarmament Directory, containing about 1,400 organization addresses, is now available. Peace groups from Albania to Zanzibar are included. You can get a copy for $1 by writing Lloyd Wilkie, Publisher, 327 Dayton Street, Yellow Springs, Ohio.



LATE IN 1961, a twenty-five-page outline for a novel landed on the desk of Ed Kuhn, senior editor in the McGraw-Hill trade department. He didn't lose a minute in sewing up the property, plunking down what is rumored to be a heavy sum. He then waited, impatiently, for the novel to be finished,

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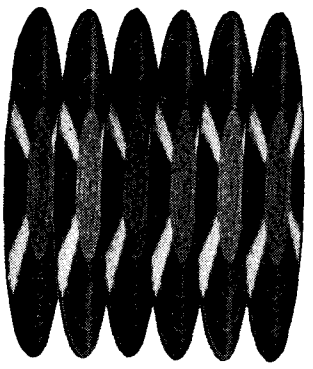

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603 LEE HOIBY: Opera: "Beatrice", Directed by Moritz Bomhard (Commissioned by WAVE Radio-TV).
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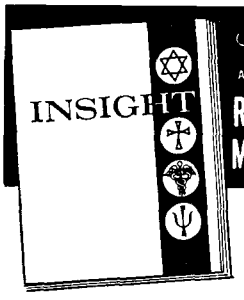

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and, several months later, went to California to work with the authors on the manuscript. He promptly came down with mumps. This failed to dim his enthusiasm, and the wives of the two co-authors coddled him with cream soups and Bloody Marys while he worked in pajamas in front of the fireplace to help get the book ready for the press.

The energy, mump-bound as it was, paid off. Clifton Fadiman wired Harry Scherman, of the Book-of-the-Month Club: "MUST TAKE THIS NOVEL. THE MOST EXCITING IN YEARS." Scherman did, selling 200,000 copies in the book club edition alone. London publisher Hutchinson followed suit in England, where it has become a Book Society choice. The paperback sale to Dell is said to be in six figures. At the moment, it is thought to be the fastest-selling novel in the trade, moving along at the rate of three to five thousand copies a week. Since its publication on October 22, 1962, it has sold over 100,000 copies in the McGraw-Hill edition.

A few weeks ago, Max Youngstein bought the book for motion picture production for six figures plus an unheard-of percentage of the gross. Sidney Lumet will direct.

The title: "Fail-Safe," the Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler novel that has kept the country breathless over these past few months.

MANY RESPONSES to recent TRADE WINDS items have come in, among them a follow-up on unlikely name combinations found in various corners of this best of all possible worlds. Ina Forbus writes us from North Carolina to say: "You may be interested to learn that in Durham there are two surgeons. One is named Carver, and the other Cleaver."

From North Conway, New Hampshire, Brad Boynton writes about a comment he heard while watching an international basketball tournament. Several of the countries with extremely tall players were running away with the tournament, and a spectator turned to another and said: "Many lands make height work." —JOHN G. FULLER.

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ROMA AMOR. By Jean Marcade. Lyle Stuart. $35.

Biography

NEHRU: A Pictorial Biography. By Michael Edwardes. Viking. $6.50.

THE LIBERATOR: William Lloyd Garrison. By John L. Thomas. Little, Brown. $8.50.

Current Affairs

ALBANIA AND THE SINO-SOVIET RIFT. By William E. Griffith. Massachusetts Inst. of Technology. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.95.

THE GENESIS OF THE COMMON MARKET. By William O. Henderson. Quadrangle. $5.50.

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—LYNN MILLER *Publishers' Weekly.*

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**A question Norman Cousins once asked.*

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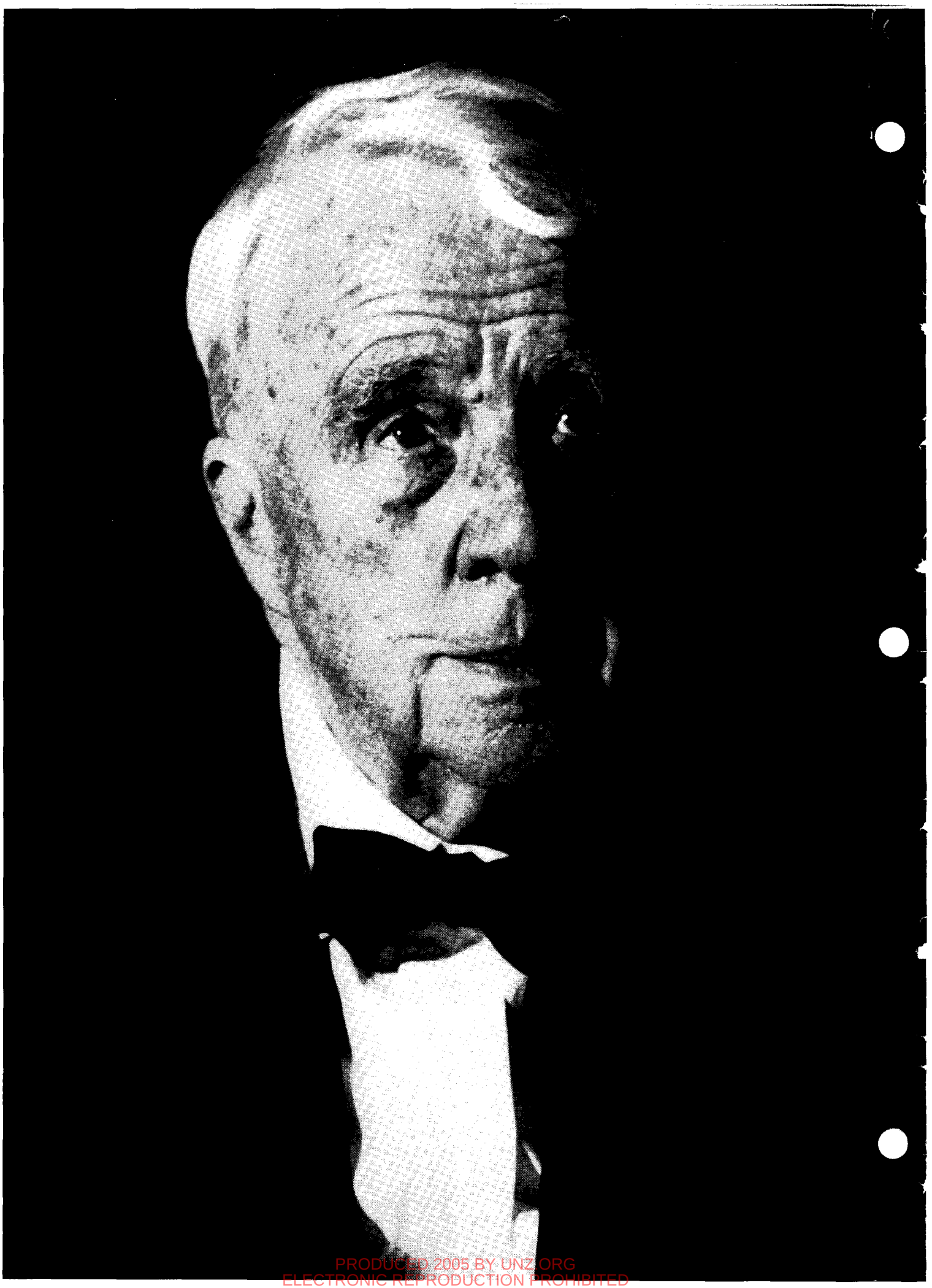

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 23, 1963

ROBERT FROST

1874-1963

By CHARLES R. ANDERSON

IT IS high time for critics to confront the poetry of Robert Frost seriously and at close range. A great deal has been written about him, but most of it has centered on his biography or his ideas. There has been much discussion, pro and con, of the public figure and the private personality of Frost; much debate about the validity of his attitudes toward science, politics, and ethics. But as for the poetry itself there has been little beyond general commentary, until very recently. Now there are signs that the needed revaluation is at last under way. Perhaps one way to encourage further study of his poems, as poems, is to clear up misunderstandings about the nature of his achievement in two basic areas: his poetic forms and his imagery.

The notion is widely held that Frost has cut himself off from the richest resources of modern verse by his adherence to traditional forms. He *is* at odds with the main line followed by Eliot and the Symbolists, it is true: on the one hand in clinging to apparently logical structure, on the other in being ar less rational than they in his theory of the creative process. But he is well aware of the issues and is a bolder experimenter than has been realized. Poetic form, he holds, is experience shaped by pressures from within and from without: "He who knows not both knows neither." Writing in free verse he has likened to playing tennis with the net down, adding that there is "a better wildness of logic than of inconsequence." He likes the challenge of conventional meters, stanzas, and forms because they afford endless opportunities for novelty through the poet's skill in maneuvering them to render his unique vision. But for him form and meaning are inseparable. The reordering of experience can only come when an artist has the freedom of his material, though controlled by his need to give it shape. Knowledge comes to the poet in the "wild free ways of wit and art," he says, but only when subjected to the dual discipline of a steadying theme and a steadying verse-pattern. The problem, he states, is how to achieve an original tune "in such a straightness as meter," how to retain the essential wildness of poetry "and at the same time a subject that shall be fulfilled." The "figure a poem makes" is an accommodation between the organic form native to the grain of a chosen subject and the traditional form the poet commits himself to.

Frost has given an exaggerated account of the role played by formal techniques in the creation of one of his best known lyrics, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," which he has singled out among his poems as unequaled in form. I will not add my explication to the many that have been made of this poem, merely give by way of introduction to the problem of form in Frost his own analysis. But this should only be taken as an illustration of his witty simile: "Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting. . . . Its most precious quality will remain its having run itself and carried away the poet with it." With the first line he had set up a four-beat pattern, but he adds: "I'm not terribly committed there. I can do a great many things." However, the second line, in the same meter and rhymed, seemed like a commitment to couplets. With one more rhyming pair "I'd be in for it. I'd have to have couplets all the way." But so far "I was dancing still. I was free. Then I committed a stanza." The pattern was a quatrain, rhymed *aaba*, but this left the

—*Photo by Luther Joseph (Chicago Daily News).*

In this issue *SR* presents a special tribute to Robert Frost. The articles on this and the following pages are by Charles R. Anderson, professor of English at Johns Hopkins University; John S. Dickey, president of Dartmouth College; John Frederick Nims, a poet and translator now teaching at the University of Illinois; and John Ciardi, *SR*'s poetry editor.

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third line uncommitted. By picking up its end-sound for the rhyming lines of the next stanza, and so on to the end, he had an interlocking scheme as intricate as one of the early Italian forms. The density of the sound repetitions added to the lyric richness of a seemingly unpretentious poem. But his very success had its drawback: "How was I going to get out of that stanza?" He could have tucked his last unrhymed line back into the first stanza, but this would have been a *tour de force*. Instead, he solved the problem of his endless chain-link by rhyming all four lines of the last stanza, yet keeping the pattern of just three different sounds by making the last two lines identical. It was a brilliant stroke, and a comparable stunt by a juggler would bring the house down. This is more, though, than verse acrobatics. It is the poem's greatest achievement of meaning. The repeated last line, "And miles to go before I sleep," emphasizes the natural symbolism that turns an unspecified errand with sleep at the end into the journey of life and the final rest of death. By the perfect marriage of pastoral subject to sophisticated verse form, he has illustrated his own definition of how a poem is created. "It begins in delight and ends in wisdom . . . it assumes direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in . . . a momentary stay against confusion."

A number of his lesser poems stick rather closely to the heroic couplet, the formal quatrain, and the more complex but still traditional stanzas favored by the Romantic poets. The conventional sonnet he could render so expertly, as in "The Silken Tent," that only the alert reader will catch its subtle wit. On the surface it is a simile praising some lady whose beauty is so ethereal she might take off from earth were she not held "By countless silken ties of love and thought." Underneath, it is a conceit for the sonnet itself, pointed heavenward on the central pole of its vision, which must be anchored to reality by the cords of technique. Here the multiple ties of the sonnet form are so skilfully managed there is no slightest sign of strain. But it is the strictness of such traditional forms that "has driven so many to free verse," as Frost realizes. The sonneteer, he says for example, must face the problem "whether he will outlast or last out the fourteen lines—have to cramp or stretch to come out even." Like Hopkins, Frost has maneuvered its formal limitations to find a new freedom, sometimes creating such a deviationist sonnet that the conventional form serves only as a point of departure.

The capacity to perform with freedom in spite of strict controls Frost calls "moving easy in harness." An excellent example of this is a poem with a very modern theme, "Acquainted with the Night," where he puts himself in the double reins of two traditional forms, only to come in at the finish with a new mode suited to the ambiguity of his thought. In rhyme-scheme it is terza rima, Dante's interlocking triplets; however, it is brought to an end at fourteen lines by a couplet, thus suggesting a sonnet but with sestet and octave inverted. The former gives the experience, walking; the latter the commentary, stationary. Though grouped otherwise by rhyming, it is divided by punctuation, grammar, and poetic "event" into a sestet and two quatrains. This fusion of two traditional forms suggests an extended meditation, broken off as futile, then deftly rounded into a concluding but paradoxical statement. After gazing steadily into the abyss of the infinite, he can only report that man's finite clock is "neither wrong nor right." This ambiguity is extended by the poem's last line, which is identical with the first but with a new meaning arising from a possible variation in stress. If it is read "I *have* been one acquainted with the night," the implication is that some light may have broken through the darkness since then, though it is unspecified. The final line closes the circle of sound yet leaves the poem's meaning open-ended. This equivocation, the poet's willingness to stand unresolved in the face of mystery, makes Keats's "negative capability" an appropriately descriptive term.

A companion poem thematically, "I Will Sing You One-O," looks to astronomy for such clarification. Its form is the short two-stress line that found favor with certain seventeenth-century poets, adapted by Frost to the conditions of twentieth-century thought. It was used most frequently by Herrick in lyrics ostensibly light but usually turned by wit to larger meanings. It was also used occasionally by Vaughan in his "Sacred Poems," at least once by Herbert in "The Altar," and for a few

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THERE is a story that some years ago an interested mother wrote to a principal of a school, "Don't teach my boy poetry, he's going to run for Congress." I've never taken the view that the world of politics and the world of poetry are so far apart. I think politicians and poets share at least one thing, and that is that their greatness depends upon the courage with which they face the challenges of life. There are many kinds of courage—bravery under fire, the courage to risk reputation and friendship and career for convictions which are deeply held. But perhaps the rarest courage of all, and the skill to pursue it is given to very few men, is the courage to wage a silent battle to illuminate the nature of man and the world in which he lives.

This is Robert Frost's courage, and the towering skill and daring which are his in penetrating many of the mysteries which surround our life have brought him a well-deserved recognition which have been given to few men in our time. Robert Frost is often characterized as an American poet or a New England poet, and he is, of course, all of these things. For the temper of his region and of his nation has provided a good deal of the meter and the tone in which he has dealt. But he is not a poet bounded by geography, and he will live as a poet of the life of man, of the darkness and the despair, as well as the hope, which is in his case limited by a certain scepticism; and also for his wit and understanding of man's limitations which lie behind all of man's profoundest statements. I asked Robert Frost to come and speak at the inauguration, not merely because I was desirous of according a recognition to his trade but also because I felt that he had something important to say to those of us who were occupied with the business of government; that he would remind us that we were dealing with life, the hopes and fears of millions of people, and also to tell us that our own deep convictions must be the ultimate guide to all of our actions. He has said it well in a poem called "Take Something Like a Star," in which he speaks of the fairest star in sight and says, "It asks a little of us here./ It asks of us a certain height,/ So when at times the mob is swayed/ To carry praise or blame too far,/ We may take something like a star/ To stay our minds on and be staid." For that insight of Robert Frost and for all the others carved with such toil from a long life, men everywhere are grateful.

—Transcript of comments on Robert Frost by President John F. Kennedy, originally broadcast on "Accent" February 24, 1961, and used by WCBS-TV on January 30, 1963, during memorial to the late poet.

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religious poems by Herrick too, notably once where the souls in heaven assembled

> So in a ring,
> The praises sing
> Of Three in One
> That fill the Throne.

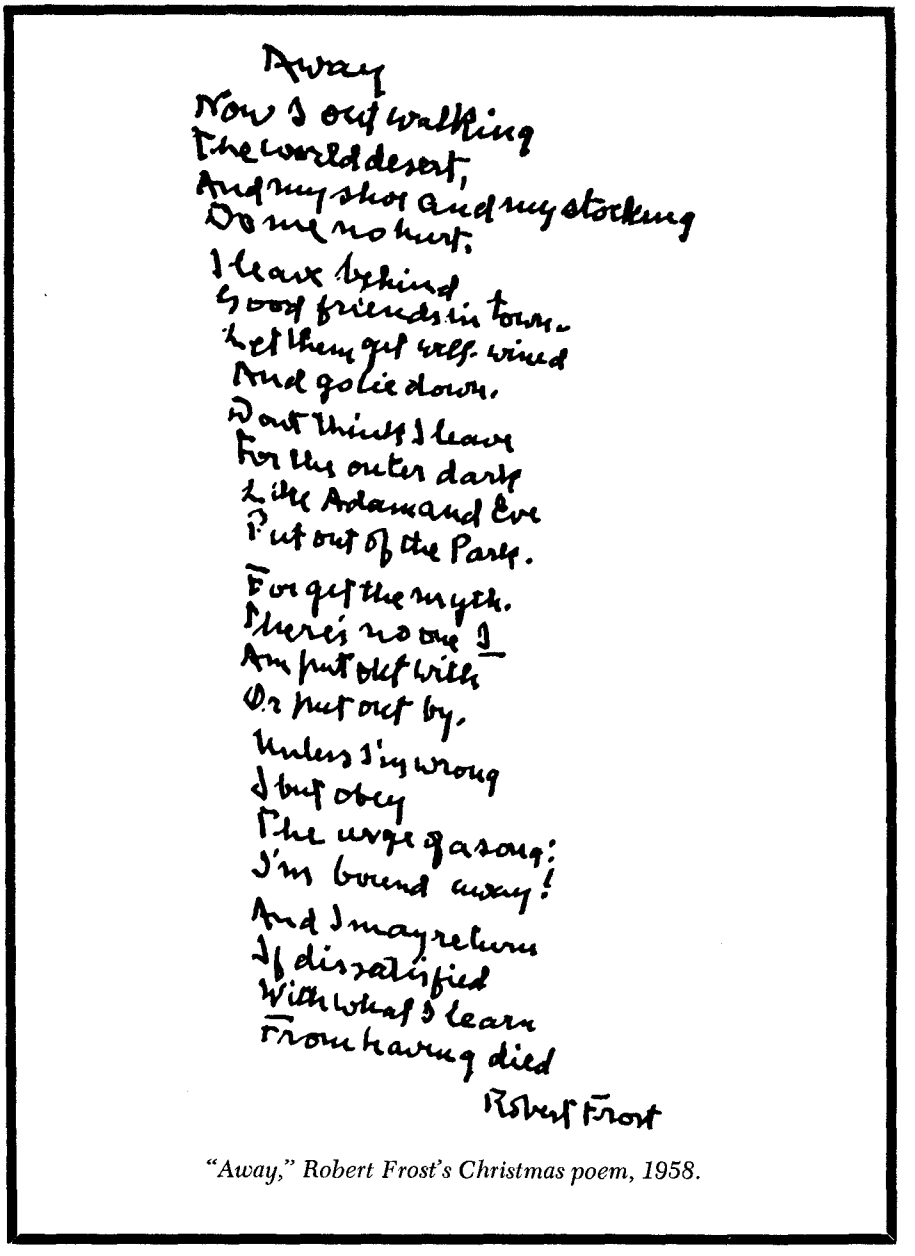
These lines are quoted not to suggest a direct influence on Frost so much as an analogue, with differences. For one thing, the clever rhyming that gives a light touch to Herrick's secular lyrics Frost retains even in some of his most serious passages, for example in describing the "cosmic motes" as "the furthest bodies . . . /Beyond which God is." Again, he sustains this short line through a long poem, as none of his predecessors did. Further, he disperses his rhymes rather than pairing them so that, with the aid of many run-ons, the ear hears longer lines than the eye sees, in keeping with the dignity of his subject. But on the page this poem of eighty dimeter lines takes the shape of a telescope, pointed up to heaven by its title, "I Will Sing You One-O," which is identical with that of an old religious song in praise of the One-and-Only God. This medieval ballad, sounding as a ground-tone in the reader's ear, offers an ironic reference to the diminished hold of Christian evelation over the modern mind as exemplified in Frost's poem. There, as the town clocks—secular and religious—strike "One," he sends his "Speculations" up beyond the charted "constellations" in a kind of scientific prayer. The relation he discovers between finite and infinite time is rendered by a metaphysical image worthy of a twentieth-century Donne:

> They spoke for the clock
> With whose vast wheels
> Theirs interlock.
>
> In that grave word
> Uttered alone
> The utmost star
> Trembled and stirred. . . .

As one critic has pointed out, these lines invoke the dictum of Sir James Jeans: "We cannot move a finger without disturbing all the stars." For Frost does not rest in the comfortable deism of Newton's mechanistic universe, with which the image begins, but is trying to catch through his poetic radar-telescope the more uncertain harmonies suggested by modern astrophysics. Of his many poems about stars, these two are his best. And both are city poems, in which the perspective of science replaces that of the pastoral world. His reworking of the old forms is one of his real claims to originality.

The greatest freedom Frost ever allowed himself was in blank verse, without any of the shackles of stanza or rhyme. Even in meter his departures from strict iambic pentameter go as far as Shakespeare's latest experiments and anticipate the relaxed verse-approximations of Eliot's plays. Though he believed that formal meter was the discipline most essential to poetry, he knew that language keeps breaking out of all attempts to order it, and he wanted to preserve this freedom even as he brought it to form. His characteristic rhythms are produced by a tug-of-war between the absolute demands of meter and the flexible patterns of speech, with an edge of victory to the latter. "The possibilities of tune from the dramatic tones of meaning struck across the rigidity of a limited meter are endless," Frost has theorized, and this is borne out in his pastorals, dialogues, and monologues. The human voice in all its living modulations is what one chiefly hears in these "talk-poems," as he calls them, loosening to the breaking point the strict metrical requirements of blank verse.

A third poem, "The Axe-Helve," illustrates this extension of his experiments in prosodic form, but it is chosen for analysis here to illustrate the importance of his imagery for rendering meaning and for achieving structure. The second recurring criticism of Frost has been that his use of figurative language is sparse and tame, in comparison with the practices of such poets as Eliot. A few notable carpings will suffice. Cleanth Brooks declares that "Frost does not *think* through his images; he requires statements." Wellek and Warren say that he uses only a kind of "natural symbolism" (for example, sleep = death), which accounts both for his wide popularity and for his failure to satisfy the modern desire for



"Away," Robert Frost's Christmas poem, 1958.

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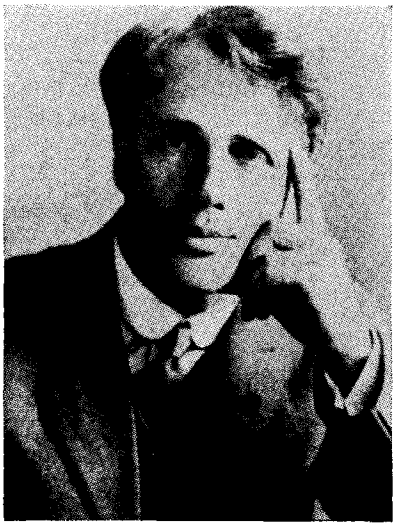
1892

novelty and surprise. Most recently George Nitchie complains of "Frost's persistent unwillingness to let metaphor carry the final weight of his poems." Such dissent is refuted, at least in theory, by the poet himself, who says, "Every poem is a new metaphor inside or it is nothing." And a close examination of his practice will show that imagery of all sorts—allusion, simile, metaphor, symbol, myth—functions significantly in his best work by reason of the very economy with which it is employed.

"The Axe-Helve" is on the surface a simple pastoral narrative, an anecdote about a Canadian woodsman who makes his own axe handles and persuades the narrator of their superiority. Actually this poem is an intricate structure of images framed by a pair of similes. The first one describes a store-bought handle, in which straight-grained wood and machine-design are at cross purposes, as being "Like the two strokes across a dollar sign." This is an ingenious piece of wit directed against the profit motive, with a sidelong allusion to the proverb: "For the love of money is the root of all evil" (1 Timothy 6.10)—just what one would expect from the rural-urban contrast that Baptiste spells out in his attack on mass-produced goods as not "true." But the point of the poem is not nostalgia for the good old days of handmade things, and even here the one word used for the proper shape of any axe-helve, "serpentine," prepares for the startling simile at the conclusion. There the craftsman, displaying his own creation for the narrator's admiration, sets it on end "Erect . . . as when/The snake stood up for evil in the Garden."

The shock and bafflement of this figure sends the reader back through the poem for submerged clues to meaning. The Eden myth is clearly invoked, but how is the handmade helve a symbol of evil and of commercialism? The sexual aspect of Original Sin is only slyly hinted at in the six lines beginning where Baptiste strokes "its long white body" with his rough hand. But sex is equally subordinate in the Genesis story. There the evil the serpent taught was knowledge, the very subject the two men have been discussing during the carving (in this poem first delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard)—in other words, man's capacity to understand and hence his skill to do. In terms of the Fortunate Fall this was his discovery that he was human, with all the potentialities and limitations the discovery entails, including loss of innocence. God's resentment at Adam's knowledge of good and evil is clearly stated in Genesis 3.22: "the man is become as one of us"—that is, godlike because a potential creator. Baptiste has made an axe, and it was this primal tool that cut down Eden. The same theme is echoed in the opening lines

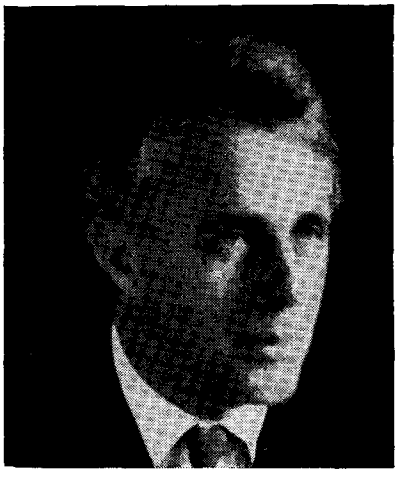


1913

where the narrator, who is an axman too, speaks of nature clutching at his axe to stop his depredations in the woods on a former occasion and pleads that he is now just chopping kindling. But Baptiste is something of an artist as well: he points proudly to the "beauties" of his carving, and he works painstakingly "For love of it." Since he is also an alter ego for the narrator, himself a poet, it is not surprising to find them most in harmony over their theory of creativity, as rendered in a metaphor buried at the center of the poem:

> He showed me that the lines of a good helve
> Were native to the grain before the knife
> Expressed them, and its curves were no false curves
> Put on it from without.

This is Frost's theory of organic form accommodated to convention by the artist's skill. It proves "The Axe-Helve" is a poem about the making of poems. A preference for the handmade over th mass-produced is not romantic when the object is a work of art. Besides, the gibe at commercialism as the root of evil only prepares the way for the main theme: knowledge is the basis of the human condition. Without it man would still be a babe in the Eden woods. With it he is a worker wielding his axe in the clearing, better still an artist shaping forms. This central metaphor, together with the first line of the concluding stanza ("now he brushed the shavings from his knee"), recalls for the reader familiar with "Walden" (a book Frost admired) the fable of Kouroo, who devoted his life to carving a perfect staff only to discover that in the process he had gained immortality. The final worry expressed by God when Adam threatened to turn creator was just that: "lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever." The danger of a concomitant pride the First Creator well knew from personal experience, as the early verses of Genesis reiterate: "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." So with Baptiste as he surveys his finished creation: "See how she's cock he head." The poet is justified in echoing the same proud exclamation, for with the completion of the axe handle he has completed an enduring poem that takes its meaning as well as its shape from the surprising serpentine imagery that underlies the innocent pastoral surface. The exuberant humor of the anecdote itself is brought under control by applying his principle of "enthusiasm tamed by metaphor." In "The Axe-Helve" Frost does *not* rely on a popular natural symbolism, he *does* think through his images, and he lets them bear the final weight of the poem's meaning.



1925

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Robert Frost: Teacher-at-Large

By JOHN S. DICKEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dartmouth, as Robert Frost liked to say, was the first college he ran away from. In later life, however, he went back there year after year for a residence as visiting poet. John S. Dickey, president of Dartmouth, thus had many years in which to form the impressions here recorded of Mr. Frost as a teacher. The present piece was written before Mr. Frost's death and was intended as part of an homage for his eighty-ninth birthday rather than for the sad occasion of an obituary homage. As President Dickey notes in the letter that accompanied the typescript to* SR: *"On rereading it, I realize that I simply could not write about him this way now."*

FIFTY years ago at the age of thirty-eight, shortly after being offered the principalship of Pinkerton Academy and being characterized by that farsighted state superintendent of schools, Henry C. Morrison, as the best teacher in New Hampshire, Robert Frost, his biographer Elizabeth Sergeant tells us, was driven to admit that school teaching was not the goal. He chose the way of poetry and became teacher-at-large to America.

It is not just that there is probably no elementary school in the land where he would not be known—and at home; not just that he has worked the college circuit as has no one else in our time and is "surer fire" on the American campus than any other writer; not just that he is at once *both* more "at large" in his freedom from entangling constituencies and yet more committed to the American nation than almost any man I know; and certainly it is not that he has been "made of" in recent years a little dangerously for one who once dared say, "The one thing I boast I can't be, is disillusioned." These and much more of the same are true of Mr. Frost, but when it comes to his influence on education I think there is one truth that puts all other truths about him in supporting roles: he is a teacher.

The spectrum of his experience with education in both time and scope is about as broad as could be embraced in one life. In 1893, on leaving Dartmouth as a freshman, he began to make his influence felt on American students (if not American education): "I did take hold of my mother's school . . . bought some rattans and caned those unruly boys good and plenty . . ." Seventy years later, at eighty-eight, days before entering the hospital for major surgery, he twice filled an auditorium on successive days teaching all comers at the "first college I ran away from."

No sector of American education is strange to him. He began as a schoolteacher in a variety of subjects in a mixture of enterprises that ranged from his mother's elementary private school through high school to the New Hampshire State Normal School at Plymouth, where for the record (but not by the book) he taught psychology and the history of education. Since then, after he had chosen and won his way as a poet, he has held professorships and all manner of fellowships, both the titular and the working kind, in perhaps a dozen institutions of higher learning, including Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard, Indiana, Michigan, the New School, Yale, and others. In these appointments he has been variously billed as a teacher of poetry, writing, literature, English, and the humanities.

In addition to his formal academic appointments, Mr. Frost has ridden the educational circuit as an itinerant regular, or irregular, lecturing at hundreds of institutions of every conceivable size, sect, purpose, pretension, and circumstance. His institutional tastes are singularly catholic, and his clients have little in common except their conviction that Robert Frost's interest in each of them is personal and special, as indeed it is (usually spiced with a mite of equally special animus to keep the thing from cloying). The truth is that whether it be at Miss Porter's School or on the Berkeley campus Mr. Frost comes and goes as an individual, and in the main he takes his students the same way – for what they are rather than where they are.

A little more ought to be said about the Frost "animus." The word often gets into his talk about education, but it certainly is not reserved for his teaching. His special brand of animus is not a secret ingredient to friend, foe, or perceptive student. It is a part of him, of his reticence, of his arm's-length relation to both good and bad fortune. Like all other teachers, only perhaps a little more so, whatever else he teaches, Robert Frost teaches himself. Could it be otherwise with a great poet? Personally, I should hope not. Much more has been said elsewhere and need not be said here about this inside aspect of Mr. Frost. The point is that, contrary to the impression of some, including many first-comers to him in the college world, this is no latter-day Mr. Chips. Moving a young person's mind "from where it is to where it ain't" is neither child's play nor charm-school work. Mr. Frost is no enemy of play or politeness in school or out, but he does stand with nature in abhoring softness as well as a vacuum anywhere. Something he said informally back in 1945 about his relationship to a group of college students strikes this note: "When I am gone, during the winter months, I leave them

—*Wide World.*

Robert Frost with Otis Skinner (June 23, 1936)—"make it real."

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with a little burden, something to do. That's because it's easier to punish them than to hold them entirely with charm."

But Mr. Frost's approach to teaching is not quite that orthodox. First as a student who gave up on two colleges, later as both parent and teacher, he has never been able to put much of a bet on salvation through classrooms, courses, a curriculum, degree requirements, or most of the accouterment of formal education. He was the enemy of textbooks long before it was fashionable for a teacher not to be caught dead with one, as too many were. He thinks poorly of translations.

He has said he does believe in marks, but he found it hard and uncongenial work to slice grades as thinly as the system likes to dispense them. He is not one to shy from judgments on either the young or the old if there is something worth turning thumbs up or down on; it is just that he prefers to discover and esteem some "singularity and felicity" rather than to tote up a lot of decimal point performances into a sum that means the difference between C+ and B– and maybe not much more. It takes a little doing to imagine a teacher making the point with a class that he is "no perfunctory reader of perfunctory writing" by throwing unread into the classroom wastebasket an entire batch of themes because no one in the class could muster a "yes" when asked twice whether there was anything in the pile anyone wanted to keep. Mr. Frost did just that.

Along with his belief in the utility of "a little burden" and the futility of much of the system, Mr. Frost in all of his goings and comings in the educational vineyard has preached and personified the need for firsthand experience with first-rate things if there is to be any enthusiasm, any discovery, any real education. "Make it real" is Mr. Frost's first law of teaching. The students, the teachers, yes, the administrators who have learned this from Mr. Frost are probably his greatest influence on American education.

I see no need myself to press Mr. Frost's unique contribution into a philosophy of education. I am not at all sure the Frost approach to education adds up to a philosophy, but if it does I am dead certain it is not a philosophy that can profitably be packaged and peddled as a prescription for what ails the American educational establishment. It is strictly, as he urges students to do, something he got up for himself, and it hardly needs saying that what Robert Frost can do well, what very few of the rest of us can do at all, let alone do better.

Praises be for this teacher-at-large—and at-heart—who teaches like "nobody's business."

The Classicism of Robert Frost

By JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

IT IS almost four decades since Gorham Munson hailed Robert Frost as "the purest classical poet of America today"; almost three since Dudley Fitts bade the ancient writers make way for him. *Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.* Classical, then—but in which of its many senses? Pater thought classicism rested on the principle of authority rather than liberty. But Frost, who delights in swimming against the current, shows little deference for received ideas: Edward Thomas called his "North of Boston" one of the most revolutionary books of modern times; Amy Lowell said he used classic meters in such a way as to set on edge the teeth of traditional poets.

Frost is not classical, surely, by virtue of adherence to any doctrine. Nor is he a classicist according to his own definition: "one who knows all the Greek irregular verbs." For himself, he would rather have touched a few stones the Greeks left, he admitted, than have a two-year explication of their significance. All a poet needs is to sample "the virtue of a thing; just enough alcohol or money or love or apples. . . ." Yet the man who studied Latin and Greek at Harvard, who read Virgil's "Eclogues" under the farmhouse lamp, who guided his daughter through Caesar and the "Aeneid," and who in 1938 was offered a post in the Latin Department at Harvard had considerably more than a sampling of the classics.

Frost is joking in his definition; perhaps Yvor Winters is joking too in saying that Frost "is not classical in any sense which I can understand." Or the subtle critic may have overlooked some of the commonly accepted meanings of the word. I find Frost classical because his view of existence is tragic (more classical, then, than romantic), and because—obviously—his work has certain affinities with Greek and Latin poetry.

By the tragic view I mean that which sees human nature, wonderful as it is, as limited. What the limits are we cannot always say, but if we transgress them, willy-nilly we may chance on worse than Theban horrors. A few lines from Hulme's famous essay are interesting here because the very phrasing is like Frost's: "The classical poet never forgets this finiteness, this limit of man. He remembers always that he is mixed up with earth. He may jump, but he alawys returns; he never flies away into the circumambient gas."

However it is in some other world
I know that this is the way in ours.

I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
. . . Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.

The first two lines are from "In Hardwood Groves," an early poem about an existence in which suffering and death are the very conditions of life. Life is cruel: Frost has gloried in the admission more than once; he has written more than one poem "too cruel" for his public readings. He has stared into the darkness and terror that encroach on the little clearing of our lives, has seen the mysteries reason cannot cope with. "It had to seem unmeaning to have

—*Wide World.*

(L. to r.) Marianne Moore, Dr. Clarence Decker, Robert Frost, Robert Graves at the 50th anniversary of the Poetry Society of America—"a good Greek out of New England."

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meaning," God says darkly to Job in "A Masque of Reason." Probably Frost's most scary image for the idiot violence of nature is in "An Old Man's Winter Night," in which the sounds of the outer dark suggest

nothing so like beating on a box.

Against the gloom man pits his wit and courage; Frost, though aware of the odds, is never defeatist about the outcome. *Amor fati*: he is even in love with the struggle.

Unlike the learned poets, who leave such a thick trail of classical crumbs that a greenhorn can follow their cultural safaris, Frost as reader is not easily tracked. He is not given to classical allusions, nor addicted to that great bore, mythology. It is up to the poet himself, he insists, to make up his own quotable lines.

Though a "good Greek out of New England," his own temperament and many of his favorite ancients are Roman. In Theocritus he may have noted the realistic speech, not of the bucolic poems, but of the urban mimes. Yet there is little here (except for the colloquial verve of XV) that he could not have found in Virgil's "Eclogues," one of the two works from which he admitted first hearing "the voice from the printed page." He admired the courage with which Lucretius confronted without illusion the empty spaces of our existence. Probably from Catullus he picked up the "Hen Dekker Syllables" of "For Once, Then, Something" (a leading Frost authority has been fooled into calling the classical lines "irregular"). Probably Frost found Horace the most congenial of the Romans, both for the colloquial "Sermones" and for the tight lyrical strophes so like some of his own stanzas. *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum* is pure Frost in Latin. And may not Latin syntax, perhaps Horatian syntax, have had something to do with such a line as

Back out of all this now too much for us . . .?

But what Frost seems to have found chiefly in the classics was confirmation rather than guidance. If the classical manner had not existed, he might well have invented it.

Form, restraint—these are what he prizes. Form: both in poetry and discussion Frost has stressed his concern for it. "Let chaos storm! . . . I wait for form." According to Sidney Cox, he declared, "My object is true form—is, was and always will be—form true to any chance bit of true life." For form is meaningfulness discerned in the chaos of existence. Faced with tragedy, Frost said later, we make a little form and

—*Wide World.*

(L. to r.) President Kennedy, Leverett Saltonstall, Stewart Udall, and Robert Frost on the poet's 88th birthday—"more than one poem 'too cruel' for his public readings."

we gain composure. Hence his fondness for metaphor, which knots together the loose ends of life. Chiefest of the things he has said about poetry "is that it is metaphor, saying one thing and meaning another, saying one thing in terms of another. . . ."

Together with form: restraint. The classicist works by inspired makeshift, making do with the simplest means at hand rather than giving way to the anything-goes extravagance of the romantic. Few of the great poets have had as simple a vocabulary as Frost: "We play the words as we find them. We make them do." Whole poems are almost monosyllabic, sometimes eerily, as in "The Hill Wife," sometimes portentously, as in "Neither Out Far Nor In Deep," which Lionel Trilling sometimes thinks "the most perfect poem of our time"—yet so plain the diction that "reflect" and "vary" are the most sophisticated words. A sonnet on the effect of Eve's voice on the song of the birds ends with what a younger poet thinks "perhaps the most beautiful single line in American literature . . ."

And to do that to birds was why she came.

I like to fancy that by some ape-at-typewriter miracle a novice had chanced on the first thirteen lines of the sonnet, and sits deliberating with his Muse. "What I want to say now is: and to do that to birds was why she came. But how should I say it in poetry? How about

E'en such her scepter o'er th'aëreal folk?

Or, more modern-like

Fair air's high scions' pure imperatrix?

Frost's simplicity is never flatness; his language crinkles with what he has called the play of the mind, the little twists of thinking.

Always the same, when on a fated night
At last the gathered snow lets down as white
As may be in dark woods. . . .

Or the sawdust,

Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it. . . .

"Stuff" has Elizabethan overtones; "drew" makes the breeze like a fine silk the sawdust clings to. Our novice might have had the breeze "like trailing silk," but it is typical of Frost's classic economy that he can insinuate a metaphor without stating it. One of the best examples is in his early and otherwise unimpressive "My Butterfly":

The gray grass is scarce dappled with the snow;
Its two banks have not shut upon the river. . . .

Again we can imagine our novice brooding: "ice closes over the river like . . . like . . . crystal portals? King Winter clangs/His crystal portals o'er the finny chamber?" But in Frost the whole metaphor is carried by the plain word "shut." When a metaphor is stated, Frost does not drop it for another.

He is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,
That lies unlifted now, come dew, come rust,
But still lies pointed as it plowed the dust. . . .

At the end of the sonnet the dead soldier is still a fallen lance. The less skilled poet we know so well would have been all butterfingers with the image, perhaps writing:

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Robert Frost: To Earthward

A FEW years ago practically everyone at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference drove the four miles or so down-mountain to the tiny town of Ripton for the showing of a United States Information Service film about Robert Frost, the proceeds of the showing to go into a new paint job for the community center. There, in the name of good causes, we sat while some fool's dream of gorgeous-gorgeous technicolor and trick camera angles made Vermont into garish postcards. And through that country that never was, there wandered the lonely but benign figure of an old man named Robert Frost, doddering from here to there at the prompting of a director who must have learned his trade in a marzipan factory.

So ran our government's image-for-export of America's best artist. The night after this cloying performance, Robert Frost asked me what I had thought of it and I had to confess that I had not liked it.

"Why?" he said, with a kind of brusque mock-fierceness that those who knew him could take for a sign that he was interested in the subject.

"Because," I said, groping for a moment and then finding the way to say it, "Robert Frost is no lollipop."

Someone came along at that point and the talk headed off on another tack. I had all but forgotten our brief exchange when, the next year at Bread Loaf, and in another context, Mr. Frost said to me, "It's as you said once. I'm no lollipop."

I have never known a man who was less one. Robert Frost was a primal energy. There were serenities in the man as time brought them to him, but there was in him a volcano of passion that burned to his last day. Many of his readers, alas, have drawn back from that earth-passion in him. Incapable of living at such heat, they have moved away and pretended to admire him from a cool distance as part of a picturesque landscape. Let me yet hope that no man, for sentimental reasons, will be moved to eulogize the confectionary image of a kindly, vague, white-haired great-grandfather when there is the reality of a magnificently passionate man to honor.

No man makes it into the dimensions of a Robert Frost on simple sweetness. There is not that much combustion in sugar. To be greatly of the earth earthy demands the bitter sweat and scald of first passions. That heat could erupt into cantankerousness at times, and even into the occasional meanness of which violent temper is capable. But the splutters of cantankerousness and the violences of temper were only surface bubbles on the magmatic passions of the man, part of the least traits that accompany intensity.

It is just that passionate intensity that must be realized before the man can be loved, mourned—and read—in his own nature. And what better mourns a poet than the act of reading him again, so to be stored and restored by him? But take him for sugar, and the world is mush, its homage a sickly mockery.

It is, perhaps, one of the saddest marks of our times that the best of our artists, once they have lost the first strangeness of what is wild in all true creation, once they have lived out their achievement to general acceptance, can so readily be taken as figures of tame sentiment. Let the memory of a great man be spared such nonsense. His genius, wild and ardent, remains to us in his poems. It is the man we lose, a man salty and rough with the earth trace, and though towering above it, never removed from it, a man above all who could tower precisely because he was rooted in real earth. It is the earth-grip that lets a man stand tallest.

He was our best. And certainly to honor him in the truth of himself is a least homage. Yet the sentimental distortion remains fixed in the public mind, and has marred every public recognition tendered him from honorable sentiment but in the blindness of sentimentality. When, at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Frost's eighty-fifth birthday, Lionel Trilling praised him as a terrifying and Sophoclean poet, a central quality of Mr. Frost's character and genius was nobly identified and justly honored. Yet even so high an appraisal became the occasion for outraged journalism, and for no reason I could see but that the word "terrifying" suggests a reality rather than a sentimental evasion. What but terror—the terror of a passionately engaged tragic life-sense—informs so Frostian a poem as "Fire and Ice"? Or such a poem as "To Earthward"? Let the concluding lines of "To Earthward" speak the man as the true readers of poetry will know him to all time:

> Now no joy but lacks salt
> That is not dashed with pain
> And weariness and fault;
> I crave the stain
>
> Of tears, the aftermark
> Of almost too-much love,
> The sweet of bitter bark
> And burning clove.
>
> When stiff and sore and scarred
> I take away my hand
> From leaning on it hard
> In grass and sand,
>
> The hurt is not enough:
> I long for weight and strength
> To feel the earth as rough
> To all my length.

May there be briary souls, real beasts, and the heat and cold and stain of the earth in the place to which such men go. And if there is no such place in fact, the better reason to build its image within the memory we keep of those who lived their great lives in the power of such passions as may fill our lesser ones with the rankness of reality at the roots, and only then stretch them toward the liberating sky-reach.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PICTURE AND AN EXHIBITION

N.C.'s STUDY OF three Russian women in church [*SR*, Jan. 26] is a chef-d'oeuvre of subject, composition, and lighting—vastly superior to any of the prize-winning photographs in your recent contest. Why don't you feature a selection of his photos (those he likes best) and induce him to hold a one-man show?

HARVEY H. SMITH.
Hancock, N.H.

ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE N.C. on his photograph inside the Kiev Cathedral. I can't remember any picture in twenty-one years of editing, writing, and judging in the photographic field that has stood out more clearly as a masterpiece of characterization. What a gem! Steichen would love it.

E. V. WENZELL.
New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS ON A truly remarkable photograph. It has just about everything that a photograph can have. It surely cannot have been posed, and yet it seems incredible that all the ingredients of it could have occured by chance.

ALBERT T. POFFENBERGER.
Montrose, N.Y.

AM I ALL ALONE in wanting to know the story behind the powerful photograph taken inside the cathedral in Kiev?

JEFFREY MANN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The circumstances of the photograph, briefly, were these: When I came into the cathedral out of the bright sunlight, I found it difficult to adjust to the darkness. Near the nave, I came across the three peasant women. I was completely stunned by the dramatic power and the utter emotional clarity represented by these ladies as they responded to the inside of the cathedral. There was not enough light in the cathedral for a natural-light photograph. I don't use flash bulbs, which, in any case, would have been grossly inappropriate in that setting. I checked my camera. It was empty. I reached in my pocket hoping I might at least have Tri-X film. I didn't. I had one spool of Plus-X, much too slow unless I took a big gamble and shot at 1/10 of a second with a wide-open aperture. The ladies moved in front of the nave where their heads picked up three drops of light from cracks in the stained glass. I loaded my camera in the dark and increased the speed to 1/25 because of the unexpected light. My next problem was to take the photograph without making my presence felt. A nearby column served the urpose.*

VISIONS AND REVISIONS

SR IS WELL KNOWN for the freedom it gives its reviewers, but doesn't freedom carry certain responsibilities? I have in mind Ihab Hassan's stupidly opaque little piece on Calder Willingham's novel "Eternal Fire" [*SR*, Feb. 2], in which Hassan talks of the novel's "depravity and evil," its "intrigue," its "gripping and sensational tale," only to conclude that "one cannot accept it as an authentic vision of reality" because "Willingham has permitted his imagination to be seduced by the malicious power of clichés."

Couldn't someone in your office have taken Hassan aside and pointed out to him—gently, of course—that "Eternal Fire" is from first sentence to last a parody, a great howling burlesque of Southern society and Southern writers? Couldn't someone have told him that Willingham is already alive to the malicious power of clichés, and that this is, above all else, the point of the novel?

RICHARD W. BOETH.
New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Stop fussing about those Gutenberg printing blocks. Discriminating people will always want hand-illuminated manuscripts."

MOTION SICKNESS

EVERYTHING KATHARINE KUH says about the absurdity of the "Mona Lisa" carnival here in Washington [*SR*, Feb. 2] is all too true.

A lady I know, or thought I knew, very well, waded through the slush with her niece the other day for one of those ten-second glimpses and came away indignant at the unfortunate lighting which left reflections on the glass. Both had seen the painting at length and at leisure before. Neither felt any gain in artistic insight from the ten-second shove. So why had they gone?

"Why, because it was there. We paid our respects." Not a bad answer, at that, but as Mrs. Kuh says, if art is to be used for politics we are all in for some distressing experiences.

Since the "Pietà" is coming over, why not bring along the chains of St. Peter, too, and give everybody a real kick? To uproot these objects from the settings in which they have acquired whatever power they have is to destroy them in the most barbaric fashion, whether any marble cracks, paint peels, or whatever. . . .

FRANK C. WALDROP.
Washington, D.C.

IT WAS SALUTARY criticism in your February 2 issue concerning the transportation of the irreplaceable "Mona Lisa." May Michelangelo's "Pietà" be spared an equally unnecessary and highly dangerous trip.

(The Rev.) PETER J. RAHILL.
Washington, D.C.

DIPLOMATIC IMPLICATIONS or not, a sane person will *not* "want to sign off art for life, or at least for the duration of 'La Gioconda's' visit."

A fleeting glance at the original is far more satisfying than any reproduction, including the one in your magazine. We drove 800 miles to see it because a trip to the continent for us and our ten-year-old daughter is beyond the reach of our purse.

I would add that many could have seen this work of art the same evening we did—and for a half-hour (or longer)—had they been willing to sacrifice the warmth of home and dry clothing. Of the thousands who live in metropolitan Washington, less than 100 were at the gallery.

To keep Leonardo's masterpiece from the public view for three weeks was abominable, but thank goodness there are those French and U.S. leaders willing to share a bit of the sacred art heritage of mankind with the common man.

HARRIET T. MCEUEN.
Cuyahoga Falls, O.

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A publishing house is known by the company it keeps

The new book by

JOHN HERSEY

is a gallery of unforgettable people
with an indomitable will to live

HERE TO STAY

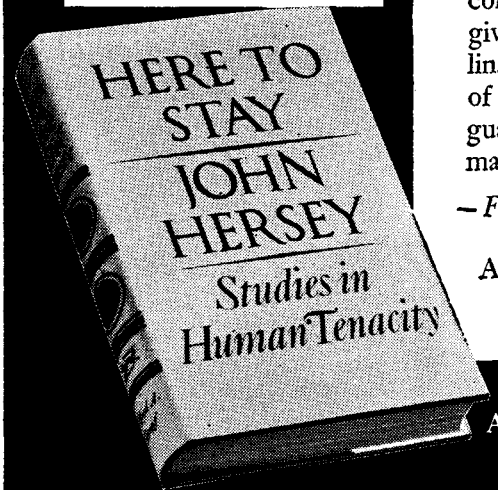
Studies in Human Tenacity

ALFRED A. KNOPF PHOTO

A delicate little old widow, age 75, who survived the rampaging Mad River (Connecticut) flood of 1955—because she was not ready to die.

An American GI who lost an arm in North Africa, returned to a living death at home, and found love more powerful than death.

Tattoo Number 107,907, who with fortitude, honor, and dignity managed to come out of the hell of Auschwitz alive.



"The great themes are love and death; their synthesis is the will to live, and that is what this book is about.

"I believe that man is here to stay in spite of the appalling tools he invents to destroy himself, for it seems to me that he loves this seamy world more than he desires, as he dreads and flirts with, an end to it. Moreover, he has astonishing resources for holding on to his life, no matter how bad it may be, as the stories in this volume show again and again. I do not offer this book as a narcotic to lull our fears lest a few men, unhinged by their power, should try to blast us all. Quite the contrary: I hope this volume will give its readers a draught of adrenalin, that bitter elixir, sufficient sips of which may help to put us on our guard against blunderers, tyrants, madmen, and ourselves."

—*From the author's Prefatory Note*

At better bookstores everywhere
$5.00

A hungry, threadbare man of 40, bereft of possessions, who was determined his family should escape the aftermath of the 1956 Hungarian uprising.

The crew of PT 109 whose flimsy craft was sheared in two by a Japanese destroyer in Jap-controlled waters—seventeen years before one of them became President of the United States.

An "Aryan" Pole who lived through a massacre in a Nazi concentration compound because, while he was no leader, he refused to be a follower.

—and many others, including those citizens of Hiroshima who kept the spark of life alive. The complete text of Mr. Hersey's famous *Hiroshima* concludes this moving book.

ALFRED·A·KNOPF
Publisher of Borzoi Books

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The Ghost of Gitche Gumee

By GRANVILLE HICKS

NEWTON ARVIN, who, over a period of years, has written three fine studies of major American literary figures—Hawthorne, Whitman, and Melville—has now applied his intelligence to a writer of quite a different order, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. One must not assume, however, that, because it is concerned with a minor figure, **"Longfellow: His Life and Work"** (Little, Brown, $6.75) is an inferior book. On the contrary, it is in certain ways the best thing Arvin has done. If it is less exciting than the earlier books, particularly the "Melville," it is a marvel of discrimination, an exhibition of quite extraordinary critical resources.

Arvin belongs, as I do, to what I suppose was the last generation to be thoroughly saturated in Longfellow's poetry. We were drenched with his verses in grammar and high school, and I am astonished to discover that I remember scores of his lines—mostly, to be sure, bad ones. In the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first decade or so of the twentieth he was *the* American poet, and his face looked down on me from the walls of my home, along with the faces of Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, and Lowell.

The inevitable reaction came about the time of the First World War, with the general revolt against Victorianism and the quickening of a different sort of poetry. In 1915 Van Wyck Brooks wrote: "Longfellow is to poetry what the barrel-organ is to music"—an opinion that, as Arvin points out, he would later have repudiated. According to Lewis Mumford, "One might remove Longfellow without changing a single possibility of American life." And Ludwig Lewisohn said flatly, "The thing to establish in America is not that Longfellow was a very small poet, but that he did not partake of the poetic character at all."

There have been attempts in recent decades to rehabilitate Longfellow's reputation, but for the most part they have claimed too much. Arvin does not make this mistake. Speaking of "A Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Excelsior," he can say that "the slack commonplace of these inferior poems insured their universal currency for many decades." He does not hesitate to refer to Longfellow's "deplorable vein of theatrical sentiment," and he notes that much of his work is "facile and flaccid" and that some is "too melting, fluent and nerveless." Even when he praises, it is with marked restraint; for example, after quoting the conclusion of "Hiawatha," he writes, "With such deeply felt passages in our ears, we are inclined to feel that, on the whole, in spite of its lapses, there are a good many things worse than 'The Song of Hiawatha.'" What he makes clear, for all his qualifications, is that there are a good many poets worse than Longfellow.

AS the subtitle suggests, this is a biography; and it is an excellent one, even though the principal emphasis is on the poetry. In many ways, as Arvin begins by pointing out, Longfellow was a fortunate man: "For a writer who was to be, on the whole, a poet of acceptance, rather than of rebellion and rejection, there was a peculiar felicity in all the circumstances of Longfellow's origin and early life; a felicity in the time, the place, the family entourage, the whole historic setting." There were many joys in the course of Longfellow's life—his early travels and studies abroad, his successes as a teacher, his triumphs as a poet. By and large he was a happy and a hopeful man. Yet he was not quite so genteel and placid and complacent as critics in the Twenties made him out to be. Arvin, citing his afflictions—"dyspepsia, neuralgia, insomnia, eyestrain"—speaks of his neurosis, adding, "the word is not too strong." Longfellow had his share of misfortunes, including the desperately tragic death of his second wife, and in his later years he was not unacquainted with melancholy. He was the benign creature whose face used to be so familiar to us, but he was not merely that.

At best, however, the man is less interesting than his poetry, and that poetry has never, so far as I know, been subjected to so careful, so thorough, so just a scrutiny. As we have seen, Arvin neither ignores nor attempts to defend the sentimental and moralistic poems that were once so popular, but he concentrates on work of more substance. He writes admirably of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," calling attention to merits that it has become easy to overlook. He discusses scores of lyrics, with a sound appreciation of their virtues as well as their shortcomings. There is a chapter on "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and there are two chapters on the dramatic poems. There is even a chapter on Longfellow as translator, in which Arvin defines, as few critics could, the values of Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy" as well as lesser achievements.

To his task Arvin has brought resources of the highest order. As he has already shown, he is thoroughly familiar with American literature of the nineteenth century, which he has been reading and teaching and writing about for nearly forty years. He also has a deep knowledge of the literatures of Europe, not perhaps comparable to Longfellow's but of an impressive kind. He discusses Longfellow's verse techniques, which were complex indeed, with great authority. And all this erudition is brought into play without the least suggestion of pedantry.

THE conclusions to which Arvin's research and reflection bring him are, as one would expect, temperately stated. Longfellow, he suggests, "is better worth preserving in the literary memory than he has long been regarded as being. Let us agree, once for all, that he is a minor writer—and then go on to observe that the distinction between major writers and minor writers, like the distinction between the major and the minor prophets, is at best a rough-and-ready one." He continues: "The author of 'Hiawatha,' of 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' of 'Michael Angelo' was a lesser but not a little writer; a minor poet but not a poetaster." Finally, he sums up his estimate of Longfellow's work as a whole: "It is still pleasure-giving to a catholic taste; it still speaks appealingly, for an American mind, to the sense of the American past; and now and then it disengages itself from historic circumstances and takes on the aspect, modestly and even obscurely, of timelessness. Our literature is not so rich in writing of this kind that we can afford to discard any of it."

Arvin has done more than render justice to Longfellow; he has set a standard of critical excellence.

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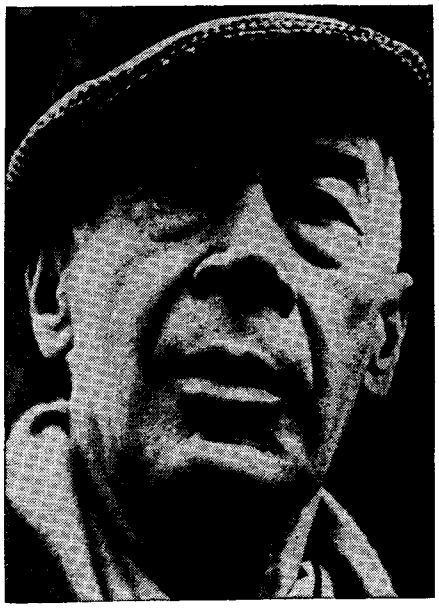
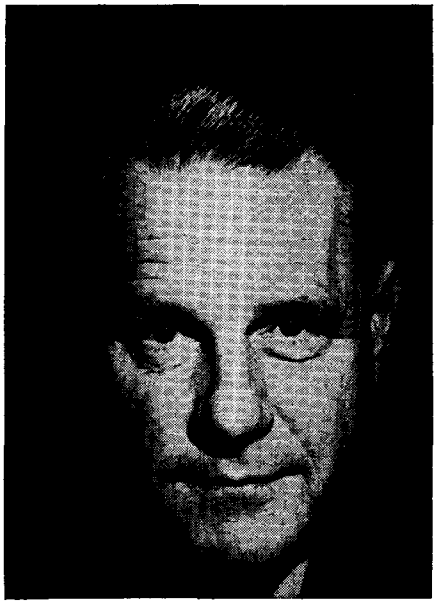
From the Twosome, a Quartet





Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell—"a sourcebook for our times."

"Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller: A Private Correspondence," edited by George Wickes *(Dutton. 400 pp. $6.95), records a great friendship between "outsiders" of contemporary literature who were to reverse roles as master and fan. Eric Moon edits Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

ASIDE from the sprinkling of exotic, esoteric words, which Lawrence Durrell has never been able to resist, little betrays the common authorship of his earliest and latest works. "Black Book" is rather like a gray carbon copy of "Tropic of Cancer," more temperate and less powerful than the Henry Miller novel. On the other hand, the Alexandrian novels with their voluptuous prose and sustained control, are a world apart from the steamroller rhetoric of Miller.

Some of the reasons both for the similarities and the differences between Miller and Durrell are to be seen in this correspondence, which gushes and ebbs and floods again through all the chaotic, destructive years of the past quarter century. Except for a few tedious spells of mutual admiration, it is a fascinating collection, and most of all the letters are interesting for what they tell us of Durrell and his growth as a man and a writer.

Miller remains throughout the supercharged man depicted in his own books and in Alfred Perles's biography, "My Friend, Henry Miller." "Action at any cost, that's my motto," he says in one letter. And it's true. He's a veritable factory, bristling with energy and enthusiasm, always in the midst of another 1,000-page opus, churning out essays and magazine articles, reading, painting, writing, corresponding with half the world, negotiating with his peculiar underground network for the publication in yet another language of his work, or Durrell's, or some other friend's, scheming, planning, organizing.

Only slightly less remarkable than his stamina and gusto is his generosity. Money, books, encouragement—all these he sends to Durrell in unrationed quantities. He's a warm man, Miller, a little cockeyed perhaps, but above all, as John Wain noted recently, "an enjoyer."

Nevertheless, with all this busy involvement, Miller watches the world go by and rarely makes contact. His dreams are more powerful than reality. Buzzing like a bee in his hive, he writes meanwhile to Durrell constantly of plans for pilgrimages to distant places, of retreat from the frantic world he loves hating so much. Tibet is his fondest dream (and what does he think now that this mad world has caught up with that quiet place too? Perhaps a later collection of letters will tell us).

Durrell, actually more the solitary, is much more aware of the world he lives in. Writing and lounging in Corfu, teaching in Greece, mingling in the literary world of London, producing propaganda for the British Information Office in Cairo and Alexandria, editing three newspapers in three languages in Rhodes, working for the British Council in Argentina or the Foreign Office in Yugoslavia—wherever he is, he records and absorbs the people, the landscape, the atmosphere, and the relentless pressure of events on all of them.

While nothing fazes Miller, not even exile, Durrell knows the tug of his own country: "It's lonely being cut off from one's race. So much of England I loved and hated so much. The language clings. I try to wipe it off my tongue, but it clings." And while Miller airily prophesies "a world-wide revolution" and "the greatest change the earth has known," Durrell more accurately reflects the depression of the war years. "The poetry I exude these days is dark gray and streaky, like bad bacon," he says, and later, "I am in charge of a goodish sized office of war propaganda here, trying to usher in the new washboard world which our demented peoples are trying 'to forge in blood and iron.' It's tiring work."

In the postwar years too, Durrell, seeing the suffering of the Slavs, comments: "What a madhouse communism is. And how grateful we are to the USA for taking it seriously. Europe is a sheepfold full of bleating woolly socialists who simply *cannot* see that socialism prepares the ground for these fanatics."

BUT it is books and writing that are the major obsession of these two men and the major topic of their letters. In the welter of criticism and praise and swapped enthusiasms, one sees Durrell take on stature and confidence, gradually changing from the exuberant young fan of the early letters who apes the master a little, tries to impress, and hides from Miller the fact that he produces "potboilers" under a pseudonym. Within a few years, Durrell can write: "Been reading you again without so much fear of contamination. Growing up, I suppose."

By 1949 he has grown up and shaken off his awe of Miller to the point where he cables: "'Sexus' disgracefully bad. Will completely ruin reputation unless withdrawn revised." Later he has doubts and follows with a placating letter, trying to preserve a friendship he feels he may have endangered. But

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it is not necessary; criticism rolls off Miller. He tells Durrell to publish his attack on "Sexus": "Blast hell out of me."

By the end of the correspondence published here the roles have been reversed. It is Miller who has become the fan, admiring the skill and style of the new, assured Durrell. But he hasn't run out of steam, and closes the collection with the longest letter of all, writing for days and producing certainly the best Miller letter included here.

More readable than most novels, these letters are a sourcebook for our recent times, and some of its literature particularly. They are also the record of a great friendship between two men who rarely met, and immensely valuable as dual self-portraits of two of the great "outsiders" of contemporary writing.

The collection has been made possible by an antiquarian bookseller in England (Alan Thomas) and an American librarian (Lawrence Clark Powell), and has been enhanced by the careful and unobtrusive editing of George Wickes. They, as well as the authors, deserve credit for what, even this early, is surely one of the books of the year.

Is Miller Really a Puritan?

By PAUL CARROLL, *associate editor of Perspective, a monthly magazine on ideas and the arts.*

"I HAVE joyous tidings, Mr. Edwards: we, Sir, have conceived," the young bride of Jonathan Edwards announced—or so a pious New England legend has it. "Never mention *that* again, Woman," the Divine, brooding over the Good Book, admonished. (Although one may assume she never did, the Edwardses managed to produce eleven more children."

To recall this sad, grotesque Puritan anecdote while talking about Henry Miller may seem an attempt to manipulate some ironic parallel; but, in truth, Miller is closer to being one of the Puritans of American literature than one of the Mortons of Merry Mount. Once the freshness of seeing, in print, *those* particular words and the raw, explicit biology loses its spank, the *dance macabre* of the bed—the heart of "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn"—begins to sound mechanical, joyless, compulsive, an anger, it would seem, as ancient as Adam's curse: "The Woman, Lord, did make me to eat of the Apple; and I did eat." Miller is, on this level, Jonathan Edwards's Doppelgänger: he never stops talking about *that*.

"I was corrupt," Miller's hero confesses in "Tropic of Capricorn" with good, orthodox Puritan idiom, "corrupt from the start. It's as though my mother fed me poison, and though I was weaned young the poison never left my system."

Instead of flagellating his corrupt bones as a good Puritan would have done—"crucify the flesh and its affectations and lusts," the Apostle counsels—the Miller hero exhausts and punishes them in ceaseless, transitory, frantic bouts of copulation. The bouts are transitory because otherwise there might be a communion between the two contestants or the woman might become a person, the worst violation of Puritan etiquette.

Disgust with the female is, of course, at the core of the classic Puritan anger, which views woman as either the Whore of Babylon or the Virgin Mary, but never as a person with feeling, desires, thoughts, or love to give. Of the legion of females who parade through Miller's novels, who remembers what one of them looks like, much less how she feels or talks? Faceless cartoons all: Valeska, the telegram messenger; her midget friend; Maxie Schnadig's sister Rita; the mute half-wit from upstairs; the nymphomaniac taxi dancer Paula; teen-age, randy Francine and her hysterically virginal girl friend; the alcoholic White Russian Macha; the hero's wife Maude; Lola Niessen, the hairy piano teacher. Miller's women are little more than mammary glands, bottoms, and genitalia, sisters, it would seem, of *Playboy*'s billboard Playmate of the Month.

ONLY one quality about these women makes them citizens of Merry Mount rather than Salem: they relish the sexual act, particularly machine-gun orgasms. (Recently one of the editors of *Playboy* told me that an issue containing a story by Calder Willingham, in which the heroine, for the first and only time in *Playboy*'s history, exhibited keen pleasure in a sexual encounter, was banned from several PXs, occasioned a snowstorm of protesting letters from subscribers, and lost a few beefy advertising accounts.) That Miller's women, however denied personality, enjoy sex, even if their participation is usually giddy and bizarre, has probably been the most stinging goad to the Puritans who have hounded and banned Miller books and continue to do so.

Sex in Miller, nevertheless, is either emetic by being grotesque, or so hysterically comic that love becomes a foreign, dirty word. And occasionally the nightmare of ceaseless copulation with faceless women, all tenderness having been frozen out, becomes too much to bear. Hallucinations become the hero's escape. Horrified, he watches couples on a Broadway dance floor metamorphose into a huge, insane octopus; or, elsewhere, his hallucination is of "men and women [who] come together like broods of vultures over a stinking carcass, to mate and fly apart again." In still another nightmare, he invokes an anonymous Virgin Mary whom he moons over as having been his one, true, lost love. Or there is the grim conclusion of "Tropic of Capricorn": the hero in a straitjacket of disgust and fear glued to an Evil Witch, who seems to be a kind of Molly Bloom in reverse.

WARM, satisfying relationships, on the other hand, occur only among men. Talking with a love seasoned by mockery, the hero vividly creates his pals: Hymie Laubscher, the telegram clerk; slap-happy Van Norden and MacGregor; the mystic Roy Hamilton; Kronski, the young medical student; O'Rourke, the nightwatchman of Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company. Recalling the good old days playing piano, smoking stogies, guzzling beer with the boys in Brooklyn, the hero lets the cat out of the bag: "It was really crazy then, intoxicating, and if there had been women around, it would have spoiled it." Best of all, the boys don't have to have sex together.

That Miller is one who has written of his own truth with energy, integrity, and great good humor needs no proof. All that I wish to imply is that, far from being a celebrant of "the beast in all of us," Miller is one of the beast's most ambitious enemies. He is of that company of American authors who have documented so memorably our heritage of incest, violence, and sexual nightmare—Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Edward Dahlberg, Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill, and, to a lesser degree, Nathanael West, Norman Mailer, Jack Kerouac, and William Burroughs—all of whom long for a Garden of Earthly Delights from which Eve with her poisonous, concupiscent temptation has been banished forever.

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Justice in Blood

"A Crime of Honor," by Giovanni Arpino, *translated by Raymond Rosenthal (Braziller, 256 pp. $4), concerns a society in which saving face still counts more than human compassion. Sergio Pacifici teaches at Yale. His "Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature" was published recently by Meridian Books.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

GIOVANNI ARPINO's "A Crime of Honor" may well be classified as belonging to a "neo-regionalistic" and realistic type of narrative *sui generis* that has for some years been enjoying increasing popularity in Italy. Perhaps it is not by sheer coincidence that some of the finest recent Italian novels (such as, Antonio Barolini's "Una lunga pazzia" and Leonardo Sciascia's "Il giorno della civetta," both of which are slated to appear here soon) should concentrate on certain social conventions and traditions whose validity is being seriously questioned by the young writers. Indeed, one of the elements that contributes to the vitality of Italian fiction is its awareness that it must serve both as a record and the conscience of the age that produced it. The originality of the books I have mentioned consists in their transcending the primary "provincial" situation they set out to depict and in being turned into perceptive, absorbing statements about a mode of looking at the world no longer consonant with the aspirations and the sensibility of a post-Freudian or a highly technological society. If the books being written in today's Italy have anything in common, it is certainly their unanimity in proclaiming, however discreetly or emphatically, that the burden of the past is proving too hard to bear, and that it can no longer be accepted as a kind of unpayable mortgage that must by necessity shape the course of the future.

Among the writers of postwar Italy, Arpino's reputation is both solid and, despite the unevenness of his work, well deserved. Although he is still in his thirties, he has already to his credit four novels, one of which, "The Novice" (published here last year), won unusual praise in Italy and elsewhere. Less subtle and imaginative than some of his contemporaries (say, Italo Calvino), and less incisive than Alberto Moravia, to whose detached and quasi-clinical technique his own work owes a distinct debt, Arpino strikes me as a novelist whose highly controlled style, powerful imagination, and integrity of vision commend him to the most demanding of readers.

On the surface at least, "A Crime of Honor" would seem to be an uncomplicated, almost conventional tale. After all, its basic ingredients are those of a modest crime novel. Here, however, not only do we know the killer, the victim, and the manner in which the crime was carried out, but the very reasons that impelled the hero of the story to accept the semi-tragic role for which his feudal society had been preparing him all his life. What makes this tale thoroughly fascinating is less what we witness than what we gradually discover about the high price some people pay every day to save face and uphold their archaic concept of "personal honor."

Gaetano Castiglia, a wealthy, bored, ineffectual but highly respected thirty-nine-year-old surgeon, is in love with an illiterate girl, Sabina Cetara, who works in a local tavern. Despite the strenuous objections of his invalid, tyrannical mother, the doctor marries the girl, hoping to make a "lady" out of her and, by so doing, prove her worth to his family and the townsfolk.

During the wedding night, masterfully described, Gaetano undergoes a traumatic experience when he discovers that his newlywed bride is not a virgin. After repeated attempts to wrest a full confession from her, he learns the name of the man responsible for having stained his name. The opportunity to regain his "dignity" as a man in the eyes of the community must be found. Once back in the old family house, Gaetano quietly murders his wife and then, in a singular example of oblique vendetta, shoots the seducer's sister in cold blood.

Neither in the distorted mind of the doctor nor in that of his society is there ever any doubt that the crime is perfectly justified and that justice has been meted out. In the third and final section of the novel the author gives us a penetrating analysis of the historical circumstances (we are in a southern town, in 1921, on the eve of the infamous Fascist March on Rome) and of the personalities that made it possible for Gaetano to be saved. Gioacchino Russo, a former liberal and an astute trial lawyer, is asked to defend the murderer. And, since the lawyer understands exceedingly well the psychology of his people and the political necessity to make allies with the Fascists, he becomes the passionate advocate of a system of values that tolerates, indeed encourages, "crimes of honor," while at the same time he promises financial aid to the Fascists. He thus manages to create a climate of public opinion quite favorably disposed toward his client, who will not only be acquitted, but will eventually become the mayor of the town.

Arpino has written an excellent novel. I suggest, however, that he has done more than recount a bloody, if ordinary event in the taciturn Italian South. He has given us an astonishingly relevant account of a pompous, proud world where, alas, *la bella figura* still counts more than real substance and human compassion.

WHERE COAL IS KING: When British coal was nationalized, some small pits were so nearly worked out that they were not acquired by the state. The ore left in the seams was worth extracting, however, and an owner not too scrupulous about safety precautions would pay high rates to get the stuff out quickly. In **"The Small Mine"** (Harper & Row, $3.95) Menna Gallie uses one such pit as a sort of peephole through which to view the life of the people who huddle in the narrow valleys of South Wales where coal is king.

The picture is sharply stereoscopic. Although every detail of life is conditioned by coal, the men who burrow for it remain individuals, not ants scurrying in underground galleries. The women are seen equally in the round as they contend with incessant dirt, and so are the children, who roam freely in imagination though their world is limited to the village and their future linked to the pit. The small mine is a microcosm of the whole minefield, and the central figure of the story is at once any young man and definitely himself.

Joe Jenkins in the pride of his youth is out to cut a dash. A free spender,

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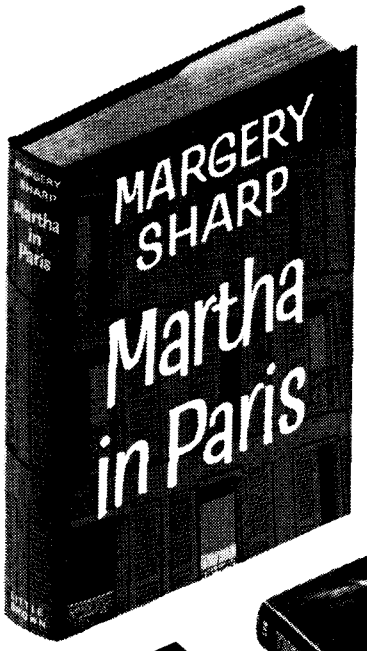

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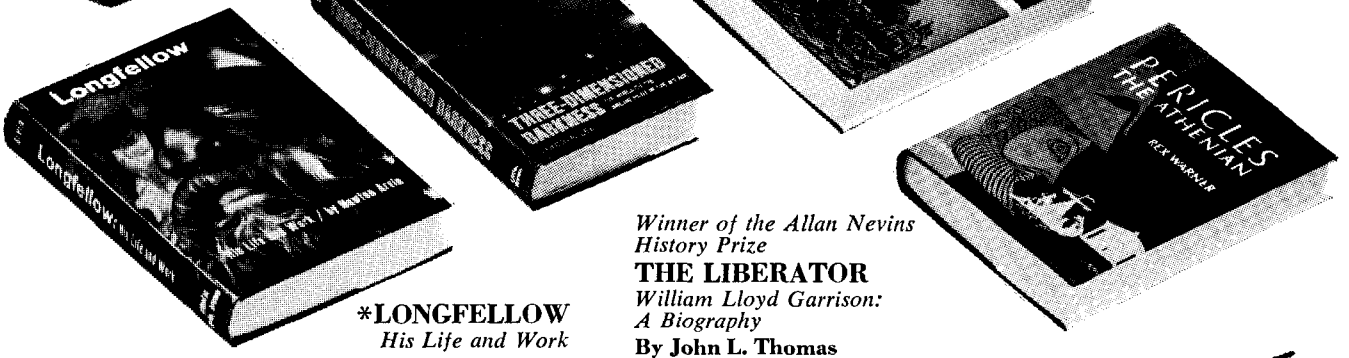

*LONGFELLOW

His Life and Work

By Newton Arvin

The distinguished author of *Melville*, winner of the National Book Award for Nonfiction, now re-evaluates Longfellow. "A re-examination of Longfellow by competent, wise eyes has long been needed, and here I think it is. Many readers will be grateful for so candid, so scrupulous yet so generous a guide." — MARK VAN DOREN. $6.75

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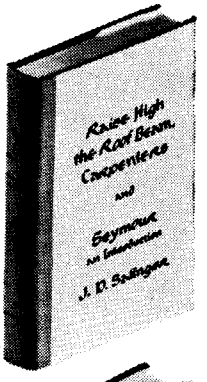
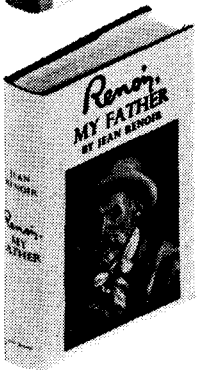
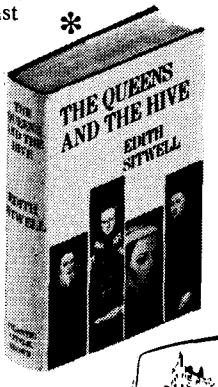
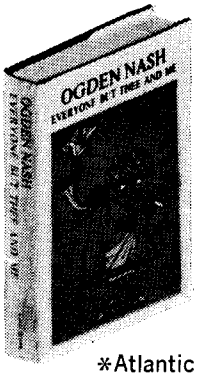
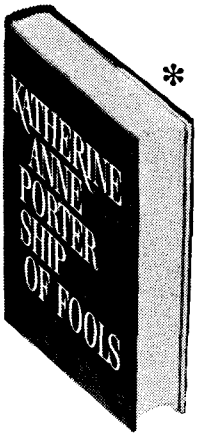
What America is reading











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*Atlantic Monthly Press Books

LITTLE, BROWN
BOSTON

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a generous giver, a great one for the girls, able to carry his drink and do his stint at the coalface, he has set his heart on owning a sports car. The lure of overtime for laying an explosive charge sends him into the unguarded mine one Sunday when he is later to sing tenor solo in chapel and then introduce his Cynthia formally to his parents.

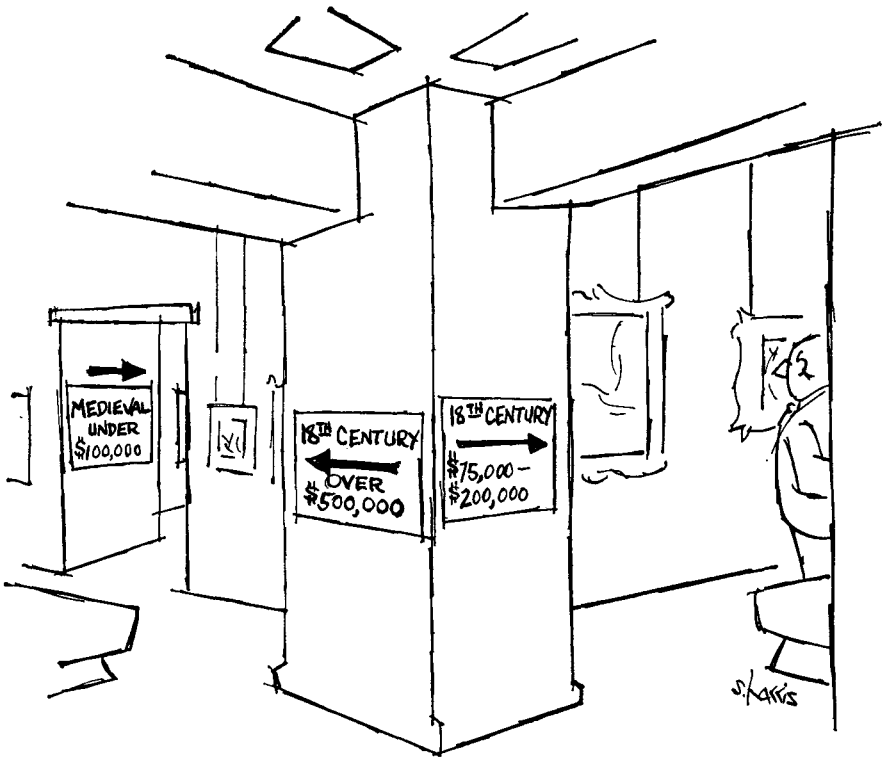
But he never does either. No one really knew what caused the disaster. An accident, reported the board of inquiry; but rumors were rife about spite against the owner or malice by someone with a grudge against reckless, handsome Joe.

This simple story of a promising life cut short and a mine abandoned is told with a directness and vigor that give the reader a feeling of being caught up in the routine and rhythm of communal life. The author has caught astonishingly the lilt of local speech, with its combination of clichés and poetry, the argumentative stubbornness, the passion for politics and song, the humor that gives everyone an apt nickname according to occupation, physique, or mental quirk. This is the kind of realism that is never drab, though the background is often bleak, for detail and incident are used to full effect. The authority that springs from knowledge and the impression of warmth and intimacy makes reading this book a thoroughly satisfying experience. —Aileen Pippett.

UNDER THE WING OF HENRY II: Unlike so much historical fiction, Joanne Greenberg's "**The King's Persons**" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95) is distinguished by thoroughly believable characters set in an authentic past. Whatever modern parallels we may draw from this chronicle of the Jewish community in York in the years 1182 to 1190, the sense of medieval life is unforgettable; and so are all the characters, both major and minor.

As "King's Persons" the Jews of England were under the special protection of King Henry II. Many were prosperous moneylenders who incurred the hatred of those noblemen unable to remain solvent in the face of demands from church and king. Through the person of Baruch of York, the author traces the growing daring of the moneylenders; through that of Baron Malabestia, the mounting frustration of the nobles under a new economic order for which they conveniently blamed the Jews. After the rebellion of Henry's sons, and the accession of Richard I, the position of the nobles was strengthened and the Jews became more vulnerable.

There were also other reasons for the ensuing disaster. The desire of the



townspeople for a Crusade at home; their boredom, envy, and greed; their wish to do evil in the name of good—all these led to the massacres that swept England at the time of Richard's coronation. In York there was, in addition, a mad monk, elected, so he thought, to do "God's will."

At the center of the story is Abram, son of Baruch, whose spiritual growth is a moving and often humorous preparation for survival in a harsh world. His lesson is that of exile. But it is a measure of the novel's excellence that its theme is larger than that of exile, for it is also about the stubbornness of life and the living in the face of perennial incursions of hate and death.

This theme is furthered by a language at once lyrical and aphoristic: "There had been a fall of snow, and when it stopped, the people of York walked out once more to look at the changed world. They wished to save the perfection and yet to print in it, both at once; to keep it virgin and white and to mark themselves upon it, with the identities of their feet. When someone walked, then another followed, and soon they were all despoiling it happily, a small wish to ruin what was beautiful." —Manfred Wolf.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FRONTAL TACK-ONS

Presented here are ten trios of words, the meanings of which can be greatly modified by prefixing the only letter that accommodates all three words in each case. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to supply these letters. Example: (K)INK, (K)NOT, (K)NIGHT. Answers on page 46.

1. ( )EIGHT, ( )INTER, ( )HOLLY
2. ( )LIVE, ( )PINE, ( )MISSION
3. ( )AMBLE, ( )EACH, ( )EVOKE
4. ( )EVOLVE, ( )RAFT, ( )ANGER
5. ( )ABLE, ( )URGE, ( )WITCH
6. ( )LUMBER, ( )IRATE, ( )ARTICLE
7. ( )EARN, ( )END, ( )ANGUISH
8. ( )TONE, ( )SHY, ( )VOID
9. ( )EASE, ( )LEAN, ( )OFFER
10. ( )LATE, ( )BONY, ( )LOPE

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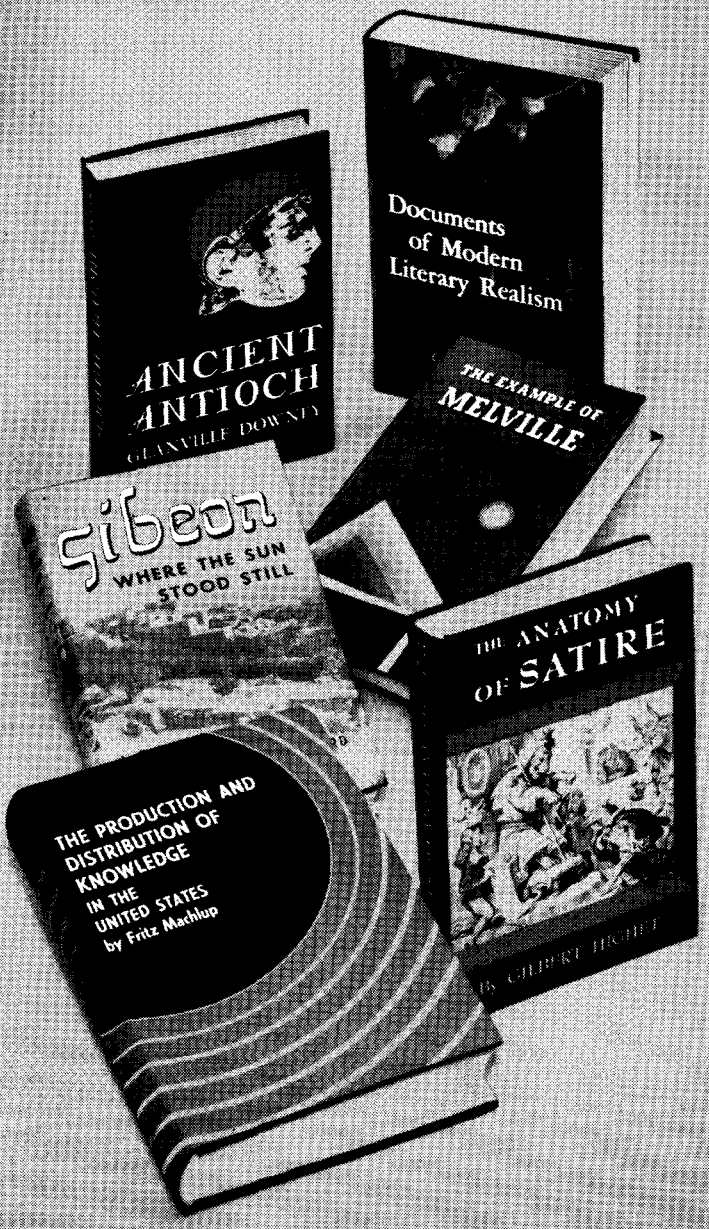
The pen,
The spade,
And the knowledge industry...

Part of a stimulating harvest



LOST: A CITY. FOUND: REMAINS OF FOUR GREAT CULTURES. Glanville Downey, who took part in the archaeological digs at Antioch, brings to life the 900-year history of the ancient ruling city which sheltered Byzantine, Greek, Semetic and Christian tradition. A lavishly illustrated condensation of his own monumental "scholar's history."

ANCIENT ANTIOCH
by Glanville Downey $7.50

THERE *WAS* A TIME when Tolstoy and Zola were *Nouvelle Vague,* when Balzac and Strindberg were revolutionaries – whose anti-romantic realism provoked a fascinating diversity of reactions from readers and reviewers. Now the authors and critics of the period speak for themselves on the aims and techniques of realism.

DOCUMENTS OF MODERN LITERARY REALISM
by George J. Becker $8.50

THREE SPECTACULAR FINDS at the site of Gibeon in the Arab village of el-Jib mark it as one of the most important in Biblical archaeology. Here, the director of the four-year dig tells about the dramatic unearthing of a tunnel of 93 rock-cut steps from the city to the spring, "the pool of Gibeon," and the remnants of the oldest wine industry known. 120 illustrations.

GIBEON
WHERE THE SUN STOOD STILL
by James B. Pritchard $5.75

UNLIKE EARLIER STUDIES preoccupied with Melville's symbolism, this book considers his writing in the round and stresses the major aspects of his literary craftsmanship – his characterportrayal, language, use of landscapes and seascapes, and the vitality of his imagination. NEWTON ARVIN calls this "highly instructive, searching, sensitive and free from pedantry."

THE EXAMPLE OF MELVILLE
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HOW DO THE ABUSES and uses of the "knowledge industries" affect the growth and spread of knowledge? Evaluating output in education, research, communications media, and information services, an economist arrives at– and documents–conclusions that should spark heated controversy among the contemporary "manufacturers" in the knowledge business.

THE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF KNOWLEDGE IN THE UNITED STATES
by Fritz Machlup. $7.50

POLITICAL WIT AND LITERARY SARCASM through the ages – in a volume that ranges from Aristophanes to Waugh, and is, withal, inimitably Highet. The noted author and critic dissects the three forms of literary satire – monologue, narrative, and parody – from the satirists of Homer to the parodists of Eisenhower.

THE ANATOMY OF SATIRE
by Gilbert Highet $5.00

Princeton
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Princeton, New Jersey

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Too Tame the Shrew

"The Feminine Mystique," by Betty Friedan *(Norton. 404 pp. $5.95), blames Freud and Madison Avenue for putting Nora back into the doll's house. Lillian Smith is well known for her battles for human rights, whether racial or sexual.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

THE VIRTUE of this story of the curious dehumanization of contemporary women is that it is not a mish-mash of querulous complaints and questionable facts but a well-ordered account that takes on more and more significance the further you read.

The gist of Betty Friedan's thesis is: Nora is back in the doll's house. It is now an air-conditioned, split-level abode with her own car in the garage, but a doll's house nevertheless. For a short while in the early decades of this century she was given a brief glimpse of a world where she might function as a full human being, where her intelligence and talent might be valued. Now, somehow, here she is, pushed back to her old biological level as she was in the Ibsen drama. The only change (which might be interpreted as a bribe) is that today Nora, the little dear, can enjoy sex: *that* part of her nature has been officially defrosted. But alas, poor Nora! As she defrosts, her man's amatory functions seem to be slipping into a hard chill.

CHANGELESS woman, childish woman, a woman's place is in the home, they are told. But man was changing, his place was in the world and his world was widening. Woman was being left behind. Anatomy was her destiny; she might die giving birth to one baby, or live to be thirty-five, giving birth to twelve, while man controlled his destiny with that part of his anatomy which no other animal had: his mind.

Women also had minds. They also had the human need to grow.

ANATOMY is woman's destiny, say the theorists of femininity; the identity of women is determined by her biology.

But is it? More and more women are asking themselves this question. As if they were waking from a coma, they ask, "Where am I . . . what am I doing here?" For the first time in their history, women are becoming aware of an identity crisis in their own lives, a crisis which began many generations ago, has grown worse with each succeeding generation, and will not end until they, or their daughters, turn an unknown corner and make of themselves and their lives the new image that so many women now so desperately need.

. . . I THINK this is the crisis of women growing up—a turning point from an immaturity that has been called femininity to full human identity. I think women had to suffer this crisis of identity, which began a hundred years ago, and have to suffer it still today, simply to become fully human.

BIOLOGISTS have recently discovered a "youth serum" which, if fed to young caterpillars in the larva state, will keep them from ever maturing into moths; they will live out their lives as caterpillars. The expectations of feminine fulfillment that are fed to women by magazines, television, movies, and books that popularize psychological half-truths, and by parents, teachers, and counselors who accept the feminine mystique, operate as a kind of youth serum, keeping most women in the state of sexual larvae, preventing them from achieving the maturity of which they are capable. And there is increasing evidence that woman's failure to grow to complete identity has hampered rather than enriched her sexual fulfillment, virtually doomed her to be castrative to her husband and sons. . . .

—*From "The Feminine Mystique."*

This is not a quaint idea of the author's. She substantiates her thesis by citing many psychiatrists who say women come to them to complain not of old-fashioned hysteria and frigidity but of their husbands' boredom and erotic indifference. The freedom to enjoy sex (one post-Second World War dispensation to the girls) has turned into a mean joke. But wait—there is more: this freedom was given at the same time the servants disappeared and was, in a sense, wrapped up with a heavy load of dull housework. The plot thickens. Material for a first-class Broadway comedy, yes; but material for millions of first-class tragedies that are being quietly played out in homes all over our nation.

It is a curious fact about the human being: you cannot wisely segregate him from society nor can you segregate parts of his organism from other parts. A man is whole or he is a poor thing; and what goes for men goes for women, too. Once highly trained, a mind is likely to go mad if it is forbidden to function. Madness is a strong word but women rigidly constricted in the use of their intelligence are suffering and in turn are causing their children and husbands to suffer in a serious and dangerous way.

I did not find one dull chapter in the book; but the one—nicely documented—that describes the new half Lolita-half broodmare image of woman as built up by the image-makers on Madison Avenue and in editorial councils of big-circulation magazines is the weirdest. Weird because it makes horrible sense. The motivation behind the image-making, Mrs. Friedan suggests, is to find ways to sell more things so advertisers will spend more and more millions and industries will produce more and more useless gadgets nobody wants. The idea is this: educate the girls; wake up their minds; then convince them they should go back to the doll's house because sex is fun now and having babies is a charming "role" to play. Once there, they are loaded with housework (the mere handling of gadgets is exhausting—not to mention the babies); their minds empty out; their souls empty, too. But they've been convinced they must not reveal their brains by reading a book or by thinking; so in desperation they will look at the pretty ads and buy, buy, buy, piling up things to fill a spiritual hollowness only the growth of their inner selves can ever fill.

Why do young women and their nice young men fall for it? Why don't they see that women can keep up their share of home responsibilities and still make their contributions in the outside

(*Continued on page* 44)

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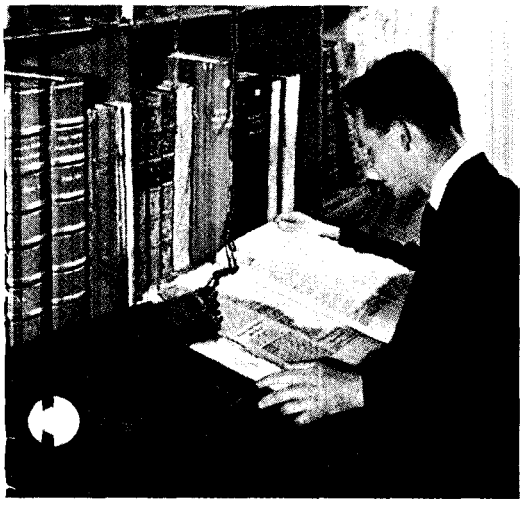
Visitor's Guide to Oxford

*Oxford has 31 colleges, 3 museums, 2 theatres, friendly old inns, the smallest cathedral in England and one highly suspect unicorn's horn.**

*Some unromantic scientists say it's a whale's tusk.

COLLEGES. The one you see above is named after St. Edmund, who taught at Oxford 750 years ago. Useful hint: tip a college servant (or "scout") 50 cents and ask him to be your guide.

STROLLING. Best way to see Oxford is to *stroll*. Try the "Water Walks" of Magdalen College, the pathway on top of the old city wall, or the remarkable garden of St. John's.

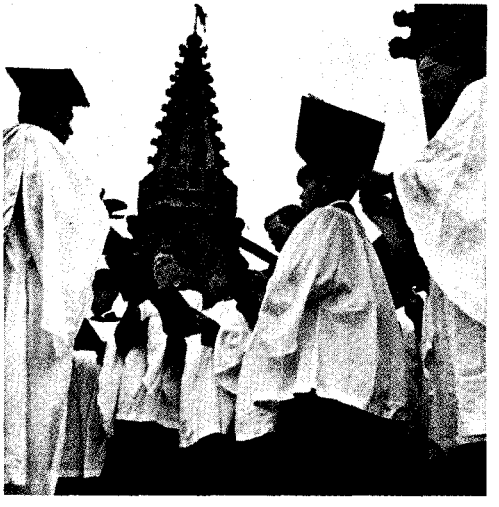


BROWSING. The library of Merton College is the oldest in the world. It has been collecting books for 600 years. Note the chains—relics of the book-starved past.

DINING. This is the hall of Christ Church. Henry VIII dined here. Another college has an annual boar's head dinner to honor a student who choked a charging boar with a copy of Aristotle.

SCHOLARS. The first scholars came to Oxford in the 12th century. Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas More and John Wesley were educated there. William Penn, Shelley and Gibbon were expelled.

PUNTING. Do what Lewis Carroll used to do. Explore Oxford's two willow-tickled rivers by punt. It's a wonderful way to picnic. Oxford is about two hours from London—by car or train.



CHOIRS. At sunrise every May Day morning, the choristers of Magdalen sing from the college tower. Oxford's choirs are famous. You can hear them most evenings in the college chapels.

HIGH JINKS. May is a lively month in Oxford. Colleges compete in boat races during Eight's Week. And the cricket season is under way. Spring temperatures are ideal for sightseeing.

For free illustrated folder on Oxford, see your travel agent or write Box 454, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 South LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor Street West, Toronto.

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Compared to most of the things you have to buy these days, food prices are still low. They are up, of course, over what they used to be—but not nearly so much as most items in your budget.

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If your food prices are to be kept down, farmers will be using even more electric power in the future—several times as much as they are using today. And the more than 300 investor-owned electric companies are planning and building now to make sure there will always be plenty—for rural and city areas alike. They can supply all the electric power all of the people of America will ever need.

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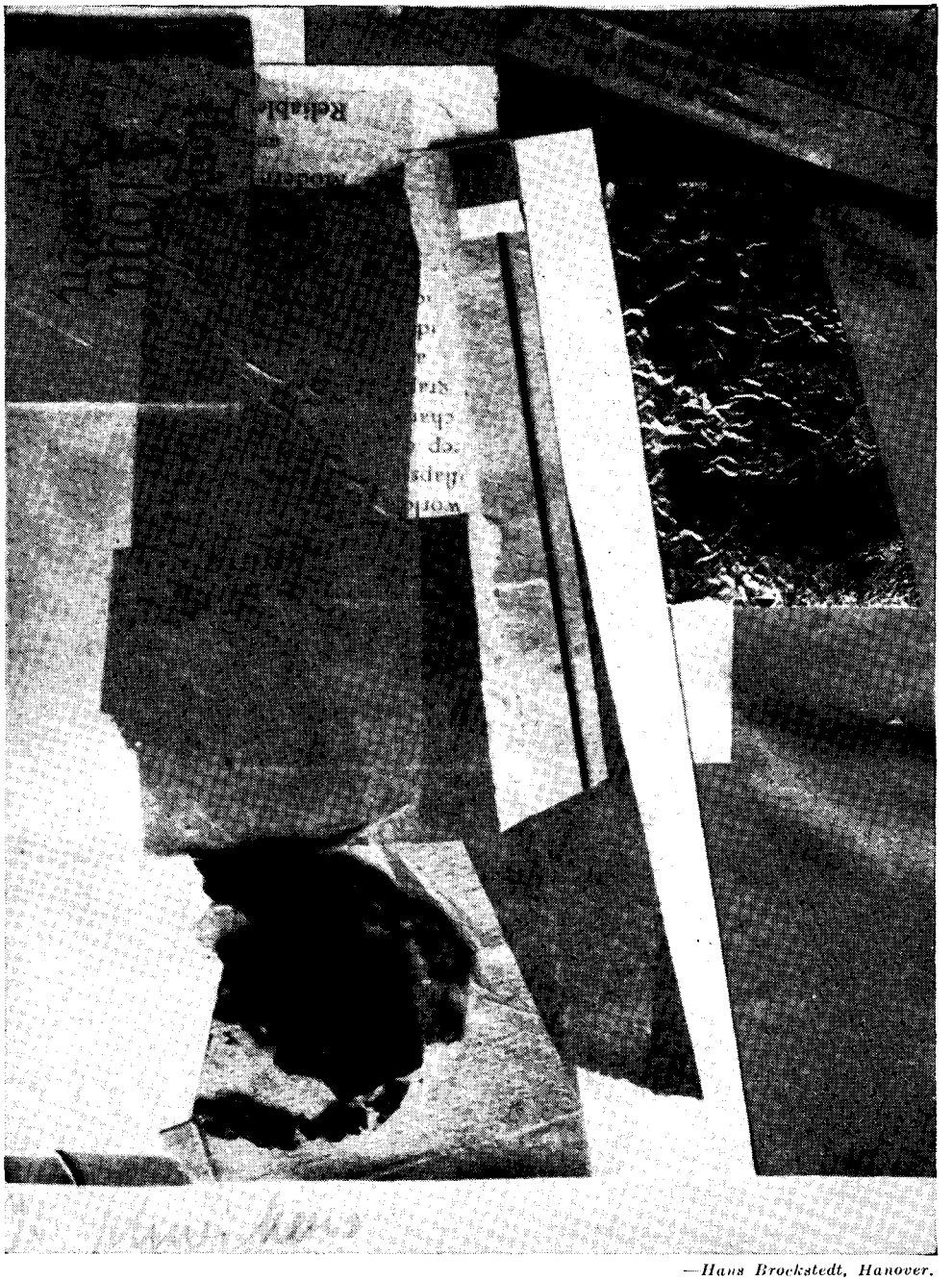
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*Hans Brockstedt, Hanover.*

Collage by Kurt Schwitters

RELYING ON cast-off fragments, the German artist Kurt Schwitters transformed collage into a highly expressive art. He took the humblest man-made remnants and recreated them into fresh, often disturbingly evocative compositions. Going beyond formal cubist experiments, he stressed psychological surprises as well as visual ones. Torn advertisements, newsprint, tickets, photographs, box covers, stamps, wrapping paper, pieces of cloth, wood, plaster, and metal, even buttons, were all grist for his imagination. No one before or since has done more to take the capital A out of art; no one has more conclusively punctured the theory that permanent, valuable, or respected materials are prerequisites for esthetic enjoyment. Sometimes his fragmentary words, seen out of context, are merely nonsense syllables; sometimes they have associative meaning; but always these cumulative, pieced-together, richly textured compositions turn rejected rubbish into unexpected discoveries. In the collage reproduced here, the juxtaposition of certain words and labels, plus a broken wax stamp, poke gentle fun at the ephemeral trappings of officialdom. —K.K.

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An Eye for the Future

VASILY KANDINSKY, an artist who towers over most of his contemporaries, is currently commemorated in a long-awaited retrospective exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum. To study this strictly chronological survey is to come away amazed, delighted, reassured, puzzled, and full of bravos. To the layman the show may offer certain pitfalls, for despite a logical and sequential development, Kandinsky's work is charged with occult allusions. Yet once he hit his stride, this Russian painter became the most clairvoyant pioneer of our century. During the past decade, it was far less Picasso's discoveries than his that set the pace for contemporary art.

Kandinsky's background and training were atypical. Born in 1866 of a well-to-do family, he specialized in law and economics, not deciding on art as a profession until he was over thirty. His work, commonly divided into three periods, each spiked by political tempests, stems from Russia where his formative years were spent; from Germany where he taught at the Bauhaus for more than a decade; from Paris where he lived until his death in 1944. After leaving his homeland he became a citizen of Germany, then of France, but to the end, abstruse Russian memories colored his work.

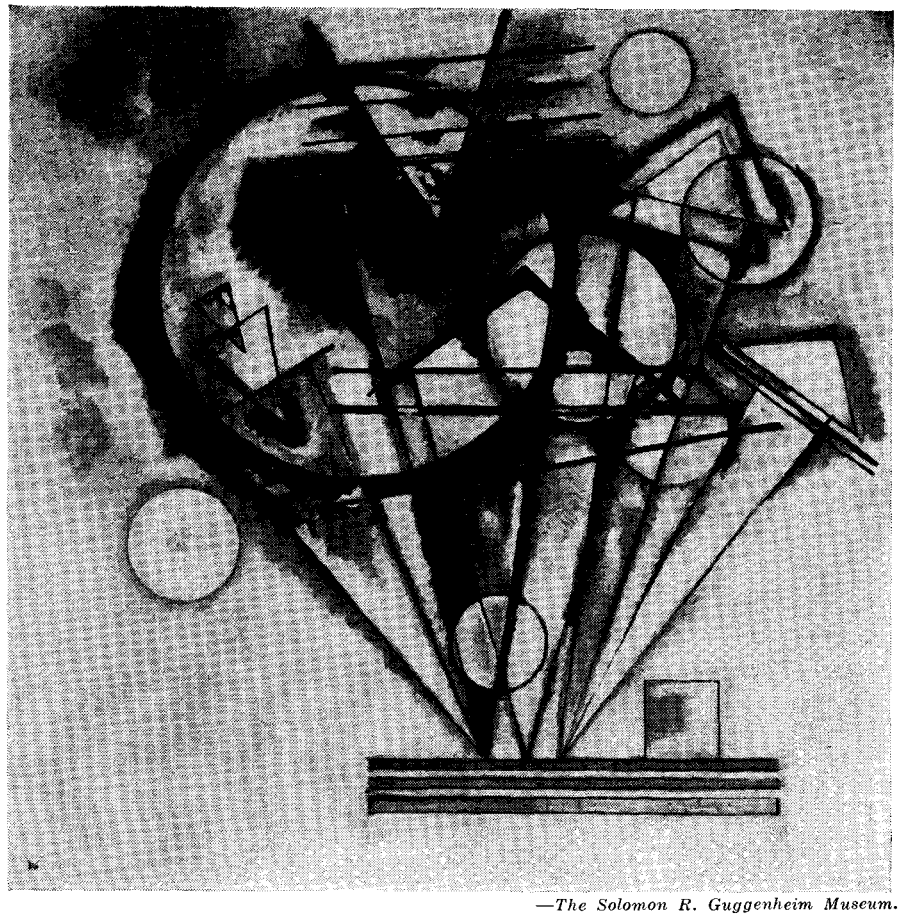
Like his Bauhaus colleague Paul Klee, Kandinsky was deeply affected by music and was unusually gifted as a writer. If his words, lit by metaphysical and psychic insights, seem less moving than Klee's, it was perhaps only because the Russian's were more obscure, more impersonal. The books of both men rank with the wisest writings in art literature. Klee's collected observations in "The Thinking Eye" and Kandinsky's celebrated volume, "On the Spiritual in Art," are already classics.

It was not until 1908, while he was working in Germany, that Kandinsky's full power as a painter first became assured. These half-Fauve, half-folk landscapes with their jewel-like Byzantine color and romantic Russian overtones were to be transformed a year or two later into sweeping expressionism. Color becomes moodier, brushstrokes freer, subject matter more cursory. Black gives way to blue, for Kandinsky did not dub himself a "Blaue Reiter" (Blue Rider) without cause. Bypassing cubism, he paralleled, indeed even predicted, the Futurists' interest in dynamics. One of his favorite motifs, a speeding horse, reappears frequently in his work.

By 1913 Kandinsky had become the top innovator of our century. It was he who reputedly made the first purely nonobjective compositions where all formal and recognizable symbols were eliminated. Using the full vocabulary of painting, he completely liberated art from any given frame of reference. Not unmindful of Monet's pulsating near-abstractions, he admitted a strong debt to the French impressionist. But Kandinsky pushed improvisation further, his kinetic pigment and intuitive color presaging abstract expressionism well over a quarter-century before it appeared. Less concerned with specific emotions than general emotional states, he paved the way for the "action painters" who, like him, were to dissolve subject, form, line and surface in order to let their spontaneous feelings dominate the *act* of painting.

During the next eight years a gradual change took place. Kandinsky turned from free forms to tightly contained geometric compositions where a sense of speed was generated more by direction lines than by impulsive paint. Gone was the autonomous abandon of the early years, gone all atmospheric color. Far more cerebral, these paintings of the Twenties were not isolated phenomena. Late in 1921 the artist left Russia permanently to settle in Germany and shortly to teach at the Bauhaus, where he was to come in close contact with a group of architects and designers dedicated to structural problems. Even before he left Russia, Kandinsky was doubtless familiar with and not entirely uninfluenced by the 1920 "Constructivist Manifesto" of Gabo and Pevsner. During the following years he painted totally abstract compositions based on conflicting forces where rarefied tensions turned into both content and form. No modern artist has surpassed the magnetic energy of these geometric compositions.

Finally, with the rise of Hitler, Kandinsky left Germany. For the next decade he lived in Paris, concentrating on enigmatic, strangely dry canvases. Color became cool, paint thin, outlines precise and pure. Mysterious floating shapes suspended in nonatmospheric voids evoke memories of cabalistic



—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

"On Points," by Vasily Kandinsky.

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If you were destitute:

If a fire, for instance, wiped out your life savings and left you penniless... of course you would want your neighbors to help. But you wouldn't want them to keep on feeding and supporting you and your children the rest of your lives. You'd want a helping hand, a boost, to help you help yourself. *And our experience, after 30 years of helping people in need, is that most people want to help themselves.* They want a helping hand...not a handout. Under the leadership of Glen Leet, former chief of the Community Development Unit of the United Nations, Save the Children Federation is now engaged in an international program of stimulating families and communities to work together to increase productivity, overcome poverty, and build a better life for their children. ■ In Greece the Federation helped a fisherman to buy his own boat... in Korea it provided a community with improved seed and the "know-how" to triple potato production... in Lebanon it provided encouragement and funds to help parents build a schoolhouse. ■ If you believe that philanthropy in this space age should be more imaginative and creative, should promote better understanding and mutual respect between people of emerging nations and our own people, should help people of underdeveloped lands raise their levels of living, then, make a generous contribution today!

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SR 2-23-3

Asiatic ornaments. This late work, often filled with complicated signs and arabesques, is so withdrawn as to suggest complete detachment—a far cry from his fervent early improvisations. It was almost as if Kandinsky had invented a private world of secret imagery where the war fever of Europe could not intrude. And now, nineteen years after his death, the artist remains a formidable challenge to European and American avant-garde painters who have yet to catch up with him.

Concurrent with the New York show, a second large Kandinsky exhibition opened at the Pasadena Art Museum, to be seen subsequently in ten American cities (a grueling itinerary). Both exhibits are sponsored by the Guggenheim Museum and organized by its director, Thomas Messer. After the New York survey closes on April 7, it will travel to Paris, The Hague, and Basel. This latter exhibition, almost two-thirds of which has never been seen before in America, is unique in bringing together paintings from the four most important Kandinsky sources: from the artist's widow, Nina Kandinsky; from the remarkable Gabriele Münter legacy in Munich; from the Guggenheim's own magnificent collection, and from several Soviet museums, including the Russian Museum of Leningrad and the Tratiakov Gallery of Moscow. The first time since the war that the Soviet Union has lent works of art to an American museum, this becomes a notable occasion. Despite recent crackdowns, could it mean the Russian government is looking more indulgently on experimental art?

—KATHARINE KUH.

In March Don't Miss:

American Art from American Collections at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. This important exhibition, covering the Colonial and Federal periods during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, will include more than 250 objects—furniture, silver, glass, porcelain, miniatures, paintings, and prints. Opens March 8.

Emile Nolde at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. A retrospective devoted to one of the founders and leaders of German expressionism will feature about 180 paintings, watercolors, and prints. Opens March 6.

Senufo Sculpture at the Museum of Primitive Art, New York. First full-scale (120 works) exhibition of Senufo art from the Ivory Coast.

Der Blaue Reiter at the Leonard Hutton Galleries, New York. This celebrated expressionist group, organized in Germany during 1913 by Vasily Kandinsky and Franz Marc, also features works by Klee, Macke, and Delavnay.

"Well, for heaven's sake! How'd you think toad, serpent, gall, and wormwood would taste?"

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Mr. Labunski and the Camp Fire Girls

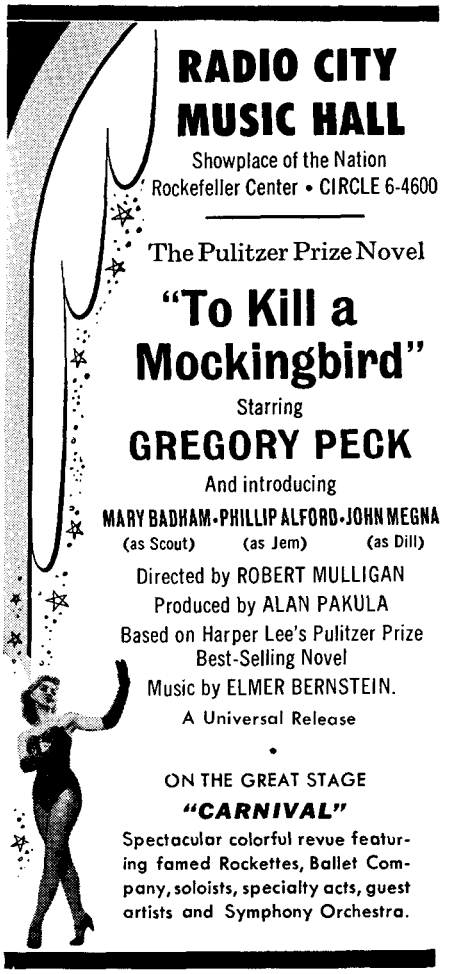
IN trade journals and on speakers' platforms of the broadcasting industry, much attention is being directed, as this is written, at the FCC local television hearings in Omaha. The Commission's key job in broadcasting is to grant and renew licenses to stations on the basis of their performance in the public interest. Since this necessarily involves evaluation of performance, recent Commissions have reasonably considered it their duty to go out to the grass roots and consult the television viewer. The first local hearing was held last year in Chicago, and in spite of strong industry protest the television business in that city appears to have survived without damage. The Omaha hearings have drawn even heavier industry fire. From President LeRoy Collins of the National Association of Broadcasters down, a phalanx of voices has demanded that the FCC cease such hearings, which Mr. Collins has labeled "efforts to govern by harassment, by eedling, by nibbling."

Curiously, the first day's testimony included some rather generous praise by local clergymen for the cooperation of the three VHF television stations in Omaha (KMTV, KETV, and WOW-TV.) One would have hesitated to predict such testimony had he heard a speech a few days before the hearings by Stephen B. Labunski, vice president and general manager of WMCA, a radio station in New York City. The Eastern broadcasting executive said broadcasting is menaced by an assortment of critics—a "growing and dangerous gang of in-laws." The process, he warned, "will inevitably lead to the erosion of its advertising values." The speaker was dismayed (in advance) at the public impact of the testimony of "a disgruntled preacher who can't get enough time on the air to talk about the Lord and money—not necessarily in that order. . . ." But the speaker's most unrestrained platform prose was aimed at "a whole raft of newly spawned citizens' groups, protective leagues, and advisory councils. . . . They come around looking as though they had been weaned on a pickle. . . ."

The FCC's sin in Omaha, according to Mr. Labunski, is that it sent "letters to groups urging them to catalogue their gripes and, presumably, to bespeak the interests of the community, as though the views expressed by officials of the Camp Fire Girls or Alcoholics Anonymous could be readily equated with the broad public interest." The Commission, he said, is unable "to distinguish between people and spokesmen."

Now that's an interestingly subtle distinction. Come license renewal time, every station offers the FCC commendatory letters from just such groups as Mr. Labunski characterized as "a battalion of vigilantes from the local ladies' uplift society—dressed in their combat boots and funny hats, wearing corsages, and waving angry petitions." The image is unmistakably Helen Hokinson. A day after the WMCA executive made his remarks, the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs announced the criteria for a new broadcast awards program being undertaken in cooperation with the NAB. Mrs. Dexter Otis Arnold, president of the 11,000,000-member women's organization, explained to club members in a brochure: "Perhaps you and your club have often wished for a way to single out your local broadcasting station manager or other management executive for special honor and tribute; you want to tell him how much you appreciate the fine, responsible quality of his programming. Further you may . . . know his civic and constructive spirit."

Since Mr. Labunski is a member of the NAB, I assume he would gladly accord Omaha's local club ladies the dignity of being (in this award context) "people." But the same ladies, accepting an FCC invitation to testify at the Nebraska hearings, are transmuted by some electronic alchemy into "spokesmen." As such they are merely "special-interest groups" who cannot be equated with the "broad public interest." It is somewhat closer to the truth to confess that we are all members of special-interest groups. The Radio Broadcasters Creed (to which Mr. Labunski subscribes) states in part: "We believe . . . that we should make full and ingenious use of man's store of knowledge, his talents and his skills and exercise critical and discerning judgment concerning all broadcasting operations to the end that we may, intelligently and sympathetically: Observe the properties and customs of civilized society; Respect the rights and sensitivities of all people; Honor the sanctity of marriage and the home; Protect and uphold the dignity and brotherhood of all mankind. . . ." What could sound more like the Camp Fire Girls? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.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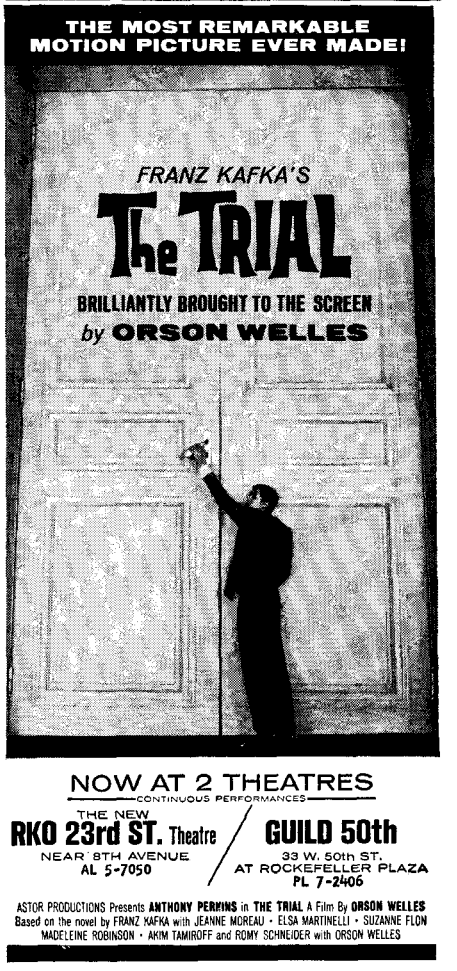
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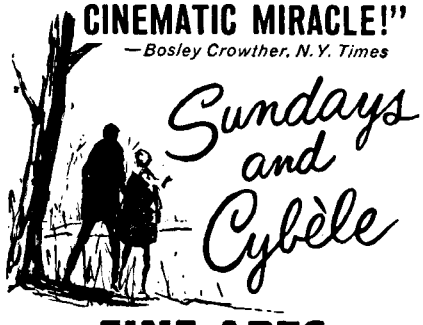

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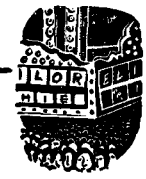

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Has All That Grandeur Perished.

AS MIGHT be expected, "**How the West Was Won,**" an MGM production in Cinerama, provides little of value on the winning of the American West, but it does provide a considerable amount of excitement and spectacle. The use of Cinerama has been edging cautiously toward a more dramatic kind of material, in place of the full-blown travelogues that first captured the public's attention. "How the West Was Won" has what might be called, by a stretch of the imagination, a story. It was a *Life* series that appeared in 1959 which gave the original impetus to the project: to show through a series of dramatized incidents the bursting of the American people toward new frontiers, and the hardships they faced and conquered. Unfortunately, not too much is left of this noble intention in the film.

It does follow, for fifty years and three generations, a pioneer family called the Prescotts. We see them in the wide open spaces, meeting such emotional problems as a screen-filling buffalo stampede, a raft that capsizes during a dangerous trip through some rapids, and a train robbery that mainly demonstrates how far film technique has advanced in the filming of great train robberies. There are a few moments meant to be touching, as when a boy says goodbye to his mother, goes off and fights in the Civil War, and finally returns from his blood bath to find only her grave.

But for the most part MGM has concentrated on bigness, and it has statistics to prove that the movie is indeed very big. Three big-name directors were employed to film the various sequences: George Marshall, Henry Hathaway, and John Ford. In the film are to be found thirteen big stars, along with eleven smaller stars, known in the billing as co-stars. There are also 12,000 extras, 350 genuine Indians in genuine mocassins and war paint, 107 Conestoga wagons built to exacting specifications, and the largest remaining buffalo herd in the country. Several bulldozers were required to remove traces of civilization along the trail west, and the locations for filming included the Black Hills of South Dakota, the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers in Kentucky, and awesome elevations in the Sawtooth range of the Colorado Rockies.

The sheer work put into "How the West Was Won" amounts to a monumental statistic in itself, and it is rather a shame that all the bigness does not make for a more lasting impression. True enough, the stampede of the buffalo herd is fine stuff to watch, and the train robbery sequence amounts to an extraordinary technical feat, but in the long run the two and a half hours pass much like a visit to an amusement park. Not much to discuss, really, about the ride on the roller coaster and the mechanical fat lady that laughed all the time. Once you've been there you've had it.

With thirteen stars and eleven co-stars to be kept busy, a thread of story keeps winding its way through. Karl Malden and Agnes Moorhead play the Prescott parents attracted by free land in the West; younger generations include Carroll Baker, Debbie Reynolds, and George Peppard. They run into such stalwarts of the West as John Wayne, James Stewart, and Gregory Peck. Rock Hudson probably wasn't available, since he is nowhere to be seen. People meet, marry, and die, but always while something momentous is going on—the building of the railroads, an attack by the 350 Indians, the battle of Shiloh. It's a mixture that makes for more pageantry than profundity, and somehow missing is the vastness of the country, the passion, and grubbiness, and desperation, and even the vision that seized those restless generations. Bigness, sweep, and scope don't do it.

BUT this is an early effort in the continuing exploration of the possibilities of the Cinerama system. It shows that actors can adapt themselves to its requirements (oddly enough, it is the ebullient Debbie Reynolds who adapts herself best). And directors have found a way to minimize those two disturbing lines where the three screens join, by the use mainly of trees, rock, and vegetation in the more vulnerable parts of the jointed image.

And, at the very end, there is a comment of sorts—made, one suspects, unintentionally. The West has at last been won. After being colonized and made livable, it is our own time, today. MGM salutes those pioneers, people like the Prescotts, and shows the freeways of California, loaded and buzzing with cars, crossing and crisscrossing the golden smoggy West. Makes you wonder whether it was all worthwhile.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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American Experience

(*Continued from page 34*)

world just as men do? In answering this why, I think Mrs. Friedan skids rather badly. She blames on Freud attitudes for which a vast complex of current world-sized problems and ancient customs are responsible. Even Madison Avenue can hardly be blamed for all the image-making (see Dante, remember the Puritans, reread the King Arthur stories). Why bother with what era to blame or what man? There are more important questions that have to do with next year and the next. This book will answer many of them. Written with a passionate drive, it is worthy of respectful reading, and it will leave you with some haunting facts as well as a few hair-raising stories. That "The Feminine Mystique" is at the same time a scholarly work, appropriate for serious study, only adds to its usefulness.

A Good Day for Democracy

"The Politics of Hope," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *(Houghton Mifflin. 298 pp. $5), a collection of articles written before the author became Presidential press secretary, expresses a realistic optimism about America. D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, is the author of a number of books on U.S. politics.*

By D. W. BROGAN

THIS would be a fascinating and valuable book even had its author stayed on as a professor of history at Harvard. But it would be idle to pretend that we do not come to this collection of reprinted pieces with an exceptional interest arising from Mr. Schlesinger's new role. He now knows, at first hand, much of the *arcana imperii* that he only speculated about before; he has seen the realities of power at close quarters and, as he has testified for the benefit of the American Historical Association, he has come to see historical explanation as more difficult than he had thought it to be. Mr. Schlesinger has found what he calls "history as record" to be simpler, more symmetrical, more capable of easy description and assessment than "history as experience." It is not a matter of learning the truth of Oxenstierna's dictum on the little wisdom with which the world is governed, but of appreciating fully, as a privileged spectator, the nature of the darkness in which historical decisions have to be made and chronicled.

I have deliberately used the term "reprinted pieces" rather than the traditional "occasional pieces," for there is a unity about most of the articles collected here—most, not all. Section Five, with its two brilliant travel pieces, is well worth reading as it was well worth reprinting; but it does not fall naturally under the rubric "the politics of hope" as do the other sections, even when the subjects are as apparently diverse as the services of Bernard DeVoto and the "causes of the Civil War." For all these essays are concerned with the American experience and take an intelligently optimistic view of it. European observers are warned not to take the empirical mood of the modern American liberal for "an expression of weariness and defeat." The European, alarmed by McCarthyism and made pessimistic by the passivity of the Eisenhower Administration, is reminded of the permanent strength of the American liberal tradition (in which the Republican Party shares): "American liberalism, in the broad sense, is an expression of the total national experience." Mr. Schlesinger is neither blind nor kind to American faults, but he is basically an optimist.

This is evident even in the valuable though rather dated discussion of "the causes of the Civil War." For Mr. Schlesinger was one of the first to return the fire of the "revisionists" who were reducing the great traumatic experience of the war to an encounter of ignorant armies clashing by night in a quarrel that could easily have been avoided. The author will not have this great national experience reduced in scale. The occasion was worthy of the cost; slavery was not merely a special kind of labor organization; its enemies and friends were not goaded by a few blind partisans on each side. The war was fought for one of the great issues of that age and this: the concept of freedom.

What Mr. Schlesinger was writing in 1949 is now common sentiment, but it was not when he wrote it. Nor was it common in 1952 for a liberal to be as compassionate and understanding of the life and ordeal of Whittaker Chambers as Mr. Schlesinger was. He, at least, understood that the underworld of Communist conspiracy had its own logic and was not simply a variation of the internal squabbles of such a body as the ADA. The United States was and, to some degree, still is confronted with a dangerous conspiracy though Mr. Schlesinger gives good reasons for thinking that the will to harm was a good deal greater than the power to harm, and was part of both the sickness and the bewilderment of our time.

The catastrophe of the Depression drove many men to seek desperate remedies, not necessarily by involvement in the Communist conspiracy, but by the adoption of black-and-white attitudes to public affairs. The dangers of such attitudes are brought out in a brilliant essay that might have been called "the political education of Reinhold Niebuhr." The limitations of the theorist (and the theologian) are set against the evasions, inconsistencies, and unideological experimentations of the man of action as exemplified by FDR. Niebuhr wanted Roosevelt to cross the Rubicon, but "for Roosevelt . . . the problem was not to cross the Rubicon but to navigate down it." Total rejection of adjustments necessary in our imperfect world does not appeal to Mr. Schlesinger, who has no more tolerance for the attitude of "Look Back in Anger," which is to him less a protest than a whine. As I haven't read or seen this famous play, I am like a juryman who convicts before the defense has been given a chance to reply. But convict I do—possibly a Jimmy Porterish reaction.

Not necessarily the most important, but the most relevant essays for the mood and needs of 1963 are those dealing with leadership, especially Presidential leadership. Mr. Schlesinger makes no pretense of being impartial. He is a part of the leadership that he defends and expounds: "[It] is young, vigorous, intelligent, civilized, and experimental—and rare in this world in being any of these things. Our mistakes these days tend to be the mistakes of rationality, not the mistakes of complacency." What the country needs and, it is implied, is on the way to getting is "heroic leadership," measuring up to the needs of this iron age. This must be provided primarily by the President, and Mr. Schlesinger quotes most aptly from Jefferson on the occasional need for "the good officer" to ignore the letter of the law for its essence—the preservation of the country.

As in all books, especially those composed of reprinted pieces, there are gaps and flaws. I think, for instance, that Mr. Schlesinger is rather unjust to Peter Viereck. But this is a book full of mental and moral energy, of interest and political wisdom.

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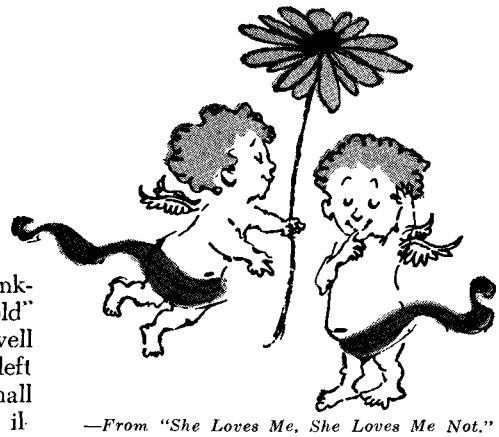
Doors of Many Colors



—From "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not."

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THE DOORS to the publishing offices alternated red and blue against the cream-colored walls. Ursula Nordstrom, of Harper's, and I walked the length of the long corridor to look everything over. Both of us had spent time as editors in an aura of golden oak, so we were interested in a different décor. I decided that an editor might want a blue door for one day, a red door for another.

The occasion was a party at Thomas Y. Crowell's new offices in honor of Elizabeth Riley's twenty-fifth year as their children's book editor. A number of us, sometimes referred to as "the pioneer children's book editors," had passed the twenty-five-year mark. Some of us took our covered wagons into side roads, others have stayed on a job that demands everything one has to give it. Elizabeth Riley has vigorous years ahead. Her new office is charming, with a fourteenth-floor view of city and bridges when there is neither fog nor smog.

Roma Gans and Franklyn Branley, reading editor and science editor of the young science series "Let's Read and Find Out," were there. Roma Gans and I used to be on the faculty of Teacher's College, Columbia; she looks too young to be professor emeritus. We talked about the science books: were they written in a strictly controlled vocabulary? It did not seem so. She said, "No, indeed!" Then she added that she had an adult book, "Common Sense in Teaching Reading," coming out with Bobbs-Merrill in April. In this she appears to have taken on, without gloves, the various and sundry "reading methods." Of the "Read and Find Out" books published last year, those that seemed to stand out were "Look at Your Eyes," by Paul Showers, and "The Big Dipper," by Dr. Branley, who is at the Hayden Planetarium ($2.95 each).

Paul Galdone, who has become a leading illustrator, came up to speak to me. Like Roger Duvoisin and Leonard Weisgard, he is pleasant to work with, not temperamental; a dark, serious-looking man with a smile that suddenly lights up his face when he sees someone he knows.

All is not science at Crowell by any means. Elinor Parker, whose essay and poetry anthologies "I Was Just Thinking" and "The Singing and the Gold" are so attractive, was present, as well as several other authors. And as I left I saw in a glass case in the front hall the jacket of "Paul Revere's Ride" illustrated by Paul Galdone. The author's name was in large type, and I'm almost sure this is the first time Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's name has appeared on a picture book. Someone had a good idea, and that must have been a red door day for the editor. I haven't seen the book; it will not be published until March. Dr. Max Rafferty, new superintendent of schools of California, with his patriotism and American hero program should be waiting for it. I hope he likes hero tales that can be read aloud to younger children rather than those that are vocabularized to fit in with first-grade reading and are boiled down to a thin gruel: I think he does.

To return to science: a letter from a reader in Westchester County, who has "spent a long apprenticeship" preparing herself to be a science writer, asks whether she can look forward to a productive career of ten—preferably thirty—years in her chosen specialty. I'm no fortuneteller but I'd refer her to an article in *Publishers' Weekly* (January 7, 1963) reporting a meeting of the Textbook Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts at which "New Media" were presented "in rather awesome array." One speaker on the "new media" side presented the concept of the electronic carrel, a study alcove equipped with a television screen, microphone, and telephone-type dial for dialing information. He predicted that it "would make reading and writing obsolete." Knowing how quickly new educational ideas become old in this country, one can perhaps predict that in ten years or so the students, grown restive in the impersonality of their automated cells, will suddenly stretch their weak little legs and come out to rediscover the BOOK. Certainly small children are never going to be confined to a "carrel," though they may get some of their science by color television.

Automation and pictorial presentation in the science field may be quite a challenge—though perhaps more so in the textbook field—and it's better for a writer not to concentrate on one subject only. Who knows what doors, red or blue or yellow, will open to new vistas in the publishing field during the next thirty years? I am too much a believer in the book, and in personal communication, to be alarmed by the new media.

SHE LOVES ME . . . SHE LOVES ME NOT. *By Robert Keesham. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 30 *pp.* $1.95.
Here is "Captain Kangaroo's" contribution to the gaiety of the valentine or spring season. In this the daisy is the star performer, along with the four-year-old daisy-crossed lovers, who find out that the flower's advice is different every time.

Adults will buy it; children may consider it theirs also. Whether it will teach them "the daisy game" is another thing: there is a serious shortage of daisies in American cities. Sendak's pictures are amusing, though sophisticated. Ages 4-8.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT. *By John Godfrey Saxe. Pictures by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.50.
The second version of the famous Indian fable within three years, this one uses the well-known poem:

> It was six men of Indostan
> To learning much inclined,
> Who went to see the Elephant
> (Though all of them were blind).

Paul Galdone's pictures, as always, are amusing, though the elephant seems at times to burst the pages.

The two books are quite different; in this one the text is a fairly mature poem, while Lillian Quigley (Scribners) used prose, intended for a younger reading group—so the books have different uses. Ages 6-9.

THE DRAGON IN THE CLOCK BOX. *By M. Jean Craig. Illustrated by Kelly Oechsli. Norton.* 48 *pp.* $2.75.
Parents will not be able to keep from smiling over this book—especially if they have extremely imaginative children. Joshua (aged about four) appropriates the

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box in which his mother brings home a clock, seals it up, takes it to bed, announces that there is a dragon's egg in it. His answers to questions when the dragon hatches are highly original, as are his skilful evasions when the family wants to see the dragon. The ending is equally childlike, but the whole story is so close to children of Joshua's age that they may miss the fine points. No age level given.

SPROCKETS: A Little Robot. *Written and illustrated by Alexander Key. Westminster.* 144 *pp.* $3.25.
"Sprockets was born on the assembly line at the robot factory. . . . His birth, or rather his putting together, was entirely an accident." Something slipped up and Sprockets became a little boy robot, with a fully equipped "Asimov Positron Brain." This small robot runs away and joins a regular family, with entertaining and sometimes alarming results, although he gets himself out of difficulties by using the fine row of electronic buttons on his forehead. Children will like this story, though I'm inclined to class it as a twentieth-century fantasy rather than science fiction. Sprockets, textwise and pictorially, is an appealing little character. Ages 8-10.

I MARCHED WITH HANNIBAL. *By Hans Baumann. Translated by Katharine Potts. Illustrated by Ulrik Schramm. Walck.* 226 *pp.* $3.50.
We have in one year two books about Hannibal's remarkable march with elephants over the Alps. This one, the longer and somewhat more solid reading, has, after the story within a story gets started, a great deal of action and vivid detail. It is told in the first person by an old man who was the young driver of Hannibal's elephant. The advantage of the story-telling device is that it enables the "narrator" to tell what in the end happened

—*From "Sprockets: A Little Robot."*

to Hannibal. Illustrations are sketchy, dramatic, and there is a map that shows the supposed route of Hannibal's army. Ages 12 up.

THE WHITE WALL. *By Eric Houghton. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. McGraw-Hill.* 120 *pp.* $2.75.
This does not really have to be compared with the foregoing book; a little less than half its length, it is told more in the vernacular than "I Marched with Hannibal." And the story is different. Again it centers around the boy and an elephant, but the boy is a goatherd who is assistant to one of Hannibal's surgeons, and so has ample opportunity to know at firsthand the horrors of war. At the end there is a small map and an author's afterword that distinguishes between fact and fiction. It is for boys somewhat younger than those who might read the Baumann book. Here the illustrations are almost too neat and detailed. Ages 10 and up.

PALETTE AND TOMAHAWK: The Story of George Catlin. *By Robert Plate. Illustrations from Catlin's drawings. McKay.* 248 *pp.* $4.50.
It seems impossible to sum Catlin up as "a man who gave his best always," because he was a man with a single, all-pervading drive, his desire to depict the primitive Indians before they vanished. He sometimes sacrificed others to his obsession, including his family and the Indians he exhibited in Europe. Although Catlin was not a great artist, he left us an invaluable record particularly of the Mandan and Sioux. It was not, however, until after his death that this contribution was recognized. His collection is in the Smithsonian, while the New York Public Library owns many of the drawings. The rendering of what must have been pencil drawings into line for this book is not entirely successful, but gives some idea of Catlin's work. Highly fictionalized, "Palette and Tomahawk" holds interest. Ages not given.

RESTLESS SPIRIT: The Life of Edna St. Vincent Millay *By Miriam Gurko. Crowell.* 272 *pp.* $3.50.
The title places Edna St. Vincent Millay immediately for the reader. Both sides of her character are presented and we are really allowed to feel impatient with her weaknesses while admiring some (not all) of her work.

After several love affairs, from which she apparently retreated, Miss Millay was fortunate enough to find a husband who could make caring for her a full-time job. The author quotes Max Eastman as saying that Eugen Boissevain stood between Edna and her world "like a dedicated dragon."
It is not too often that one finds a straightforward, nonfictionized biography for young people. This one gives its readers some insight into the working life of a poet and makes generous use of Miss Millay's poems. The full bibliography, which also includes newspaper articles, is useful. No age level is given.

THE WORLD AWAKES: The Renaissance in Western Europe. *By Polly Schoyer Brooks and Nancy Zinsser Walworth. Illustrated with reproductions of paintings, prints, and maps. Lippincott.* 224 *pp.* $5.95.
This book takes a more general, wide-ranging view of the Renaissance than that presented in the Golden Book dealing with the period. For each country, instead of for Italy alone, we see different phases of the awakening. At a time when the Mona Lisa is visiting us, we have Leonardo and others in Italy. Beyond this we have Ferdinand and Isabella (Isabella pro and con) for Spain, Francis I and Rabelais for France. (The latter may seem a curious choice but the authors have good reasons for it.) England is represented by the Tudors and Shakespeare. Illustrated with black-and-white pictures, which, on the whole, are well reproduced, "The World Awakes" provides pleasant reading and is useful as a not too detailed reference book. Ages 10-16.

A TIME FOR TENDERNESS. *By Betty Cavanna. Morrow.* 224 *pp.* $2.95.
Last summer this was reviewed in my university course by a girl who had spent most of her life abroad. She was emotional and earnest. It was the first time that she had found, in this country, a book for early teens dealing with the prospect of a mixed marriage. Now there are many good points in the story, which is set in Brazil, but a hard-headed man in the class polished it off by saying that the author had negated her whole theme by a weak ending that was simply a way out. (The American girl does not marry the Brazilian boy whose grandmother is a Negro, because *he* turns *her* down, his family having had other plans for him since childhood.) Yet what else could the author do within her limitations and the traditional ones of the "teen-age book" now recognized widely as 10-14 reading? The situation might be better handled in an adult novel, which could give greater depth to it. Yet the book has values other than the central situation, and there are girls who will not read a factual book about Brazil, but will be led into this by the romantic title. Ages 12 up.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1020

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1020 will be found in the next issue.

JQNV DTVK ALEE TEATJK EDTM JQN VLYBF, RNF JQN ONKF HSQA ABJ.

ADRDVS.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1019

When some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around.

—Mark Twain.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. W. 2. O. 3. R. 4. D. 5. S. 6. P. 7. L. 8. A. 9. C. 10. E.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Koeckert Quartet—Solti's "Tristan"—Rysanek

NOT all the good musical performances heard but unreported during the newspaper drought have been in the relative prominence of Carnegie, Philharmonic, or Town Halls. Some of it has also occurred in the normally obscure surroundings of the Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium of the Ninety-Second Street YMHA, where Mieczyslaw Horszowski has begun a review of the Beethoven piano sonatas (in the order of their composition), or the auditorium of the Washington Irving High School, where the Koeckert Quartet from Prague was heard on a recent Saturday evening.

Of all the audiences in New York for which music is regularly performed, the one I would choose to perform for is this one, which gathers at Irving Place and East Seventeenth Street—provided, of course, I had no reason to fear its critical perceptions. It is alert, attentive, responsive to the most refined values in execution, and not deluded either by reputation or the lack of it. The satisfied murmur which rewarded the Koeckert's playing of the "Serenade" movement in Haydn's F major (Opus 3, No. 5) was a greater accomplishment than bravos elsewhere.

Unlike some groups whose names are related to no present responsibility or distinction, this owes its identity to one who is both present and responsible, and also distinguished—the able Rudolf Koeckert, who is clearly a violinist born to the chamber-music purple. He provides example just where it ought to be, in the admirably adjusted sound he produces. In more than a manner of speaking, it sets the tone for the ensemble.

Mention of the early Haydn Quartet suggests that the Koeckert's choice of repertory was gratefully consonant with the best kind of performance of which it is capable. Rather than following the perfectly adjusted Haydn with a plunge into something pretentiously unsuitable, they moved on to the B flat (Opus 18, No. 6) of Beethoven. This occupies the same plane of classically intimate quartet conversation as the Haydn, and the Koeckert made a cultivated delight of its tonal repartee. They also provided a bred-in-the-bone performance of Dvorak's A flat Quartet (Opus 105), which was, among other works, conceived within walking distance of the place where it was performed (during Dvorak's period of residence here in the 1890s). A summation of the composer's quartet writing, it made a cumulative experience of a beautifully planned, masterfully performed program.

When Georg Solti made his Metropolitan Opera debut as a conductor of "Tannhäuser" two years ago, the results were of the kind that prompted not only respect and esteem but enthusiasm as well. His reappearance for the first time since then as a conductor of "Tristan" renewed the respect and esteem if not all of the enthusiasm. Was there, then, such a change in Solti? On the contrary, no change at all—which may have been something less than desirable.

WHAT works well when applied to "Tannhäuser"—animation, a constant impetus forward, an insistence on clarity and detail in the orchestral playing—works only moderately well when the problem is "Tristan." In "Tannhäuser" Wagner was a composer still learning his trade, not yet free of fetters to the past, inclined to square-cut rhythms which need the impelling hand of a determined conductor to keep them from walling in the listener's attention. The master craftsman of "Tristan" asks not for assistance but understanding—which, in this instance, related more to an effort of the will than the spirit. Nothing untidy or approximate was tolerated in the orchestral playing; details of blend, of definition, and precision were labored over and mainly achieved by the coercion of unremitting attention. While Solti was thus absorbed, the totality suffered more than a little.

For much of the time it was a kind of dialogue between Solti and his Isolde, Birgit Nilsson, for the inability of Hans Hopf to keep his seasonal obligation to the Metropolitan put this burden on Karl Liebl, whose voice is several sizes small for a Metropolitan Tristan. It is a decided resource for an opera company to have the intelligent, versatile, and resourceful Liebl at hand for emergencies. But when the stand-in is promoted to the stand-by, the conductor is faced with the alternative of scaling everything down to his lesser capacities, or taking a larger share of the evening's effort to himself.

In the dialogue that ensued, Nilsson was fully capable of maintaining audibility, regardless of Solti's concentration elsewhere. A highly responsive performer, capable of singing one kind of Isolde with Karajan, another with Boehm, Nilsson was this time mostly on her own. This produced some beautifully molded phrases in the narrative, an outburst of regal wrath here, a softening toward womanly warmth there. Together with some refinements of gesture and action, it was vocally the finest Isolde she has sung here to date. But it did not become part of an equally fine "Tristan" for lack of cohesion with the performance in the pit.

There were other efforts of individual excellence by Irene Dalis (Brangaene is probably her best role, but why should she be encouraged to sit during Isolde's narrative, which should be the most gripping, non-sitting experience of her life?), by Jerome Hines as Mark, and by Walter Cassel as Kurvenal. I don't envy any of these the task of creating an emotionally powerful experience amid the coldly unemotional settings of Teo Otto (the lighting was as bright after Isolde extinguished the torch as before), but they might have taken fire from a kind of leadership that generated heat as well as excitement.

The highly volatile standard of the Metropolitan plunged from excellent to indifferent in its most recent treatment of "Fidelio" when Leonie Rysanek sang her first Leonore here. All questions of vocal suitability aside—and Rysanek is now but a part of the singer who made an admired recording of this opera a few years ago—why should she be permitted so inartistically incredible a "male" costume as the one she wore? She cut the sort of figure that might have inspired Wagner's famous words "Dass ist kein Mann" had he seen such a Leonore in his favorite opera. Jess Thomas did well in his first effort as Florestan, proving a match for its requirements of range and dynamics. The cast, directed by Karl Boehm, was otherwise as before. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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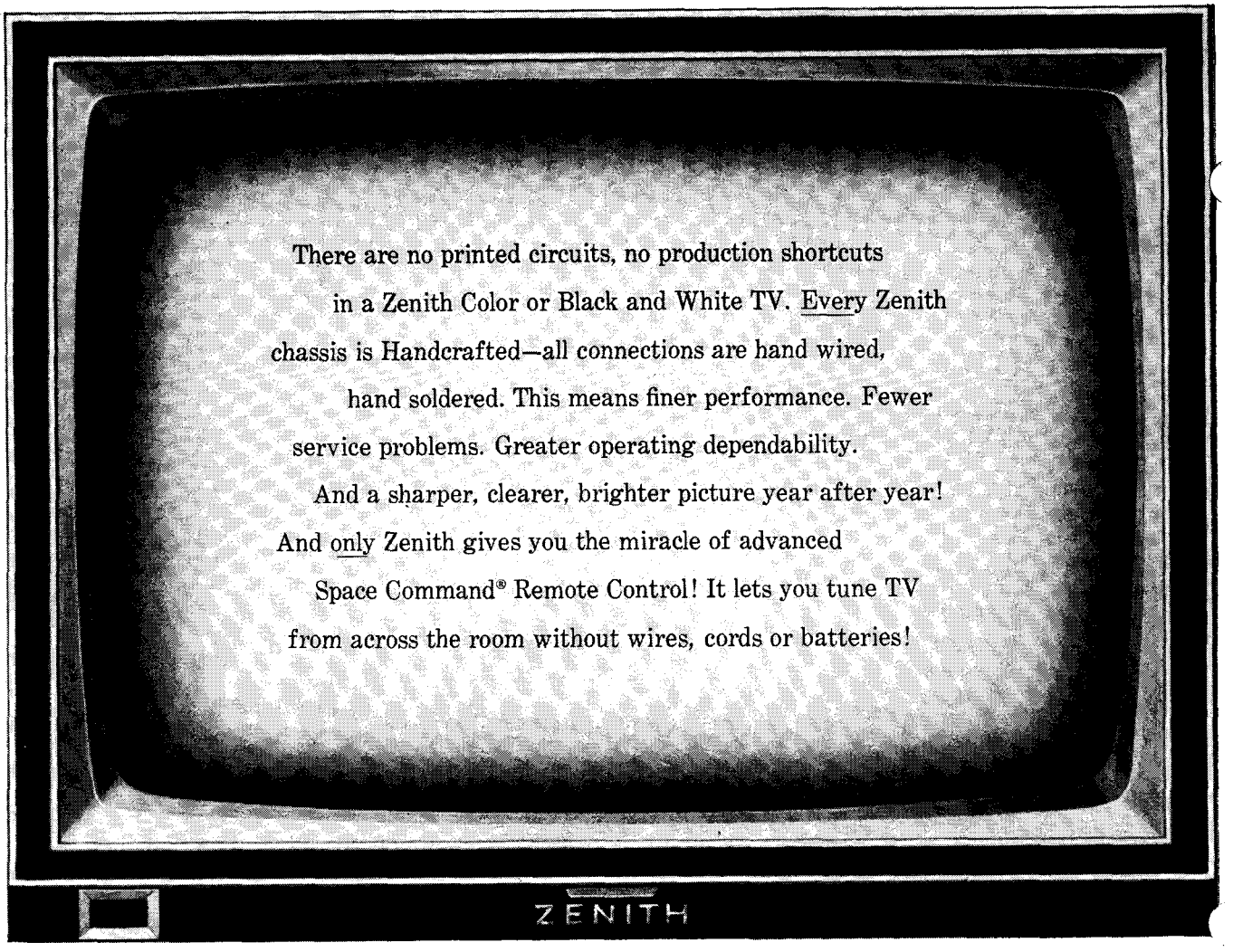
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—Ph. Lipnitzki

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THE MERIT OF POULENC

By IRVING KOLODIN

HAVING never met Francis Poulenc, shared his presence (except in a concert hall), or known him other than through his music, I am unequipped to deal with his life in a way personal to him, as dozens of composers, other musicians, and writers are. However, this leaves me among the majority of thousands whose contact with that life was restricted to its musical output, and to what it meant that was personal to them.

As I recall the impressions of the thirty-odd years in which his work was known in America—at first only on discs "Poulenc" meant a composer who espoused no theories, created no school, was singularly free from the motivations of publicity and self-advertising that have tinged others of his time. Some part of this may have had to do with his background, from which he derived financial security and, largely speaking, absence of monetary pressures. But a larger part of it must have been inherent in the man, in the aspirations that animated him and to the fulfillment of which he devoted most of the sixty-odd years of life that ended in late January.

As a name, Poulenc first came to attention in the mid-Twenties as a member of the *Groupe des Six*. It was a time of labels and this one, fashioned by the critic Henri Collet, served as a convenient handle by which to grasp the post-World War I young Frenchmen (and a woman) who would be making the new music. For those whose knowledge of the group was superficial (which is to say, almost everyone's) there was an impression that there was some kinship or bond among them. Mostly it was that they were young, musicians, and contemporaries, though this (as Darius Milhaud has phrased it) was "without the slightest concern for our different attitudes and our different natures." Or it might be added —without recognition that one, Arthur Honegger, was Swiss by birth and German by musical orientation—that Milhaud was from Provence and Poulenc from Paris. None of the others—Georges Auric, who turned to films and criticism before settling in his present post as head of the Paris Opera, Louis Durey, or Germaine Tailleferre—persisted as members long enough to alter much the character which then attached to *Les Six*.

Or the vocabulary, which ran to such words as "unconventional," "flippant," "irreverent." Whether or not it served all equally well, it served well enough for the Poulenc who emerged through such works as the "ironic" songs on Guillaume Apollinaire's "Le Bestiaire," the "Trois Mouvements Perpétuels" for piano, the ballet "Les Biches," or an instrumental sonata for horn, trumpet, and trombone. His "serious side" was embodied in the "Concerto Champêtre" for Wanda Landowska (commissioned by her), which took a French pastorale pleasure of 200 years before as a point of departure. Nor

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did the Concerto for two pianos, when it was first heard in the mid-Thirties, make one search beyond synonyms for whimsy.

What did, in the most unexpected way possible, was the Mass in G, a creation of 1937, which was first heard about 1940 in a celebrated recording by the Chanteurs de Lyon (who had first performed it). Here, for those who were dependent on the dole of the New York concert hall for their access to events abroad, was a wholly new Poulenc. This was no clever jester or lighthearted tonal madcap; here was a composer utilizing his always considerable melodic gift (one of the "Mouvements Perpétuels" qualified as background music for the Hitchcock film "The Rope" without seeming out of place) and cultivated sense of texture for expressive purposes bordering on the profound.

There was no mention with the recording to indicate that the work was created as a memorial to his father, a fact one learns from the biography of Henri Hell (Grove Press, 1959). However, this was no matter of cause and effect, for his father had died twenty years before, when Poulenc was eighteen. He had, said Hell, been responsible for Poulenc's "strict religious education." After his death, Hell continues, "little encouragement was given to any religious tendencies."

Indeed, Hell locates a "turning point" in 1935, when the death of a friend (the composer critic Pierre-Octave Ferroud) deeply grieved Poulenc. The news reached him at Uzerche (in the department of Corrèze, in South Central France), and he was impelled to make a pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Rocamadour, with its humble chapel cut out of the rocky "mountainside" and a Virgin carved out of black wood. All of this suggested to Poulenc the "Litanies à la Vierge Noire," which, says Hell, "display the simple fervor, the mingled sweetness and humility that are to emanate from all Poulenc's religious music."

Lacking knowledge of either circumstance, one could only accept the qualities of the Mass as indicative of capacities in Poulenc which had been hitherto unsuspected, as a reason for expecting more of him in the future. One was more often gratified than disappointed. It was in the aftermath of World War II that one began to know his song literature with some degree of thoroughness. In Paris, general recognition followed the first all-Poulenc recital at the Salle Gaveau in 1945. In America it was due in large part to the first appearances of the great French recitalist Pierre Bernac in partnership with Poulenc in 1948, and the return visit of 1950. His most recent return, in 1960, with Denise Duval, left some who heard their Town Hall recital regretful that it was only half-Poulenc.

Totaling well over 100 songs, this literature had been accumulating from his earliest days as composer. Included are many whose subtle interplay of text and tone certify Poulenc as the inheritor of the great French tradition of Fauré, Chagrier, Debussy, Ravel. As early as his fifteenth year, when a chance discovery of Schubert's "Die Winterreise" held him enthralled for hours, Poulenc had a warm feeling for the power music could add to words. But it was not until his friendship with Bernac began in 1935 that he made it his vocation to master this medium. To quote Hell, "Poulenc has gone so far as to declare that he learnt the art of song-writing by accompanying Bernac in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Fauré, Debussy, and Ravel."

The art consists, of course, in making each element—voice and piano—an interrelated but independent aspect of a single poetic impulse. The degree of difference may vary (as, say, in the two profiles of a human face) with the piano commenting on the vocal line or, as in Schubert's usage, painting an atmospheric background to the verbal imagery. The resources that Poulenc developed embraced all the usual variants and some that he discovered for himself. But, at best, they were techniques that would have been no more than artifice without the vitalizing flow of emotion that Poulenc poured into the tonal design.

From the esteem kindled by the Mass and the songs as they were heard came affection for such works as the G minor concerto for organ, strings, and timpani (a product of 1938), the two-piano sonata of 1953, the "Dialogues des Carmélites" (completed in 1956 and widely admired when it was seen on TV in the NBC production of 1957), and the more recent "Gloria" in G for soprano, chorus, and orchestra. Whether the progression can include the "Tenebrae" service written on commission from th New York Philharmonic to celebrate the first season in its new hall will soon be determined. Its first performances under the direction of Thomas

(*Continued on page* 66)

"Les Six" as drawn by Jean Cocteau, who, naturally, occupies the center of attention.

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Networks for FM

DISCERNING AND TIMELY

MARTIN WILLIAMS'S COMMENTS in "Networks for FM" [*SR*, Jan. 26] were not only discerning but timely. Radio is very much alive and FM is primarily responsible. The activities and programs of the major FM networks as described by Mr. Williams are indicative of the responsible, creative leadership being assumed by FM operators throughout the country.

Local networks, mentioned just briefly, are growing rapidly. The Mid-State FM Network in Michigan covers the entire Lower Peninsula through four member stations (WSWM, Lansing; WABX, Detroit; WGMZ, Flint; WODC, Saginaw Valley). FM multiplex is used to network complete operas, the classics, jazz and concert piano with local, knowledgeable hosts, and Broadway show tunes. Included also are recorded speeches by local and national figures.

FM has much to offer the inquiring listener. Mr. Williams's interest is appreciated by the entire industry.

ROBERT J. RENTSCHLER,
Vice President, WSWM,
Mid-State Broadcasting Corp.
East Lansing, Mich.

GIVEN, NOT SOLD

AS GENERAL MANAGER of WBAI-FM in its pre-Pacifica days, I must attest to the accuracy of Mr. Williams's research. The tape recorders were, indeed, in the washroom.

In the interest of historical fact, though, I must also point out one . . . inaccuracy in his article: WBAI was most emphatically not *bought* by Pacifica; it was *given* to the Pacifica Foundation as a gift from its then owner, Mr. Louis Schweitzer.

BERT COWLAN,
Director of Community Relations,
Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.
New York, N.Y.

FREEDOM, RIGHT AND LEFT

THE ARTICLE "Networks for FM" was superb. Having enjoyed FM radio in New England, the Middle Atlantic states, and now in California, I know that your comments are both accurate and sharply analytical.

Mr. Williams mentioned a "Southern California minister [who] received a telephone call that his home had been bombed" during a meeting taped by Pacifica Radio. Actually, there were two ministers. I was one. The other was the Reverend John Simmons. The meeting which sparked the bombings was held in a west Los Angeles synagogue and addressed itself to the topic "The Extreme Right—Threat to Democracy?"—a topic that I had already explored on my regular commentary program on Pacifica Radio in Los Angeles, KPFK.

Pacifica is unique among FM chains, so far as I know, in offering its listeners a full spectrum of opinion, ranging from the John Birch Society to the Communist Party. Local program participants have been as far-flung in their opinions as John Rousellot (former U.S. Congressman, now a full-time staff member of the John Birch Society), Dorothy Healey, (chairman of the Communist Party in Southern California), and Senator Thomas Kuchel (Republican of California).

Pacifica's willingness to take free speech seriously has not gone unchallenged, however. On January 10 the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, launched an inquiry into Pacifica's operation, ostensibly to discover if there had been "infiltration" into Pacifica's management, which might make Communist influence "possible."

Pacifica's affairs are a matter of public record and subpoenas were scarcely needed. But what Pacifica would gladly have made public, the committee concealed in executive session, refusing both Pacifica's request for open hearings and its request to record the hearings for broadcast.

Now I may be naïve, but I have always assumed that when the U.S. Constitution says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . .," it means it. Yet Senator Dodd, in holding hearings on Pacifica Radio, has initiated an inquiry into precisely this area. (The only other alternative is to assume that the Senator is intent on harassment.) Is the Senate Committee questioning the right of such untrammeled radio to exist in the United States? I would hope not, but I can imagine no other reason for the hearings.

Meanwhile the FCC has initiated its own investigation of Pacifica and is holding up licensing of all three stations in the chain. Must we, after all, learn to live with the wastelands? And like it?

BROOKS R. WALKER,
Minister,
Emerson Unitarian Church.
Canoga Park, Calif.

SHAPES AND CITIES

I READ WITH considerable interest "Networks for FM." I only wish that all the red and black asterisks, squares, stars, and dots on the map had been matched with the stations and cities they represent. Will this be done in a later issue of *SR*?

ERNEST P. JOHNSON.
Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As keyed, the shapes represented networks whose components were mentioned in the article.*

TV WITHOUT PICTURES?

YOUR ARTICLE "Networks for FM" must have come as a surprise to those advocates of the radio-is-dead theory who still think of radio as television without pictures. Today's FM radio has been more accurately spoken of as television with imagination.

Good FM network programming is not new, however. On December 1, the Empire State FM School of the Air began its fifteenth year of broadcasting in-school programs for the elementary grade classrooms of New York State. This fourteen-station network is unique in that it is made up entirely of commercial stations that contribute, without charge, air time for four educational programs every school day. The School of the Air network reaches from Patchogue, Long Island, to Niagara Falls.

The schools and school systems pay a small membership fee to cover the cost of program production and pre-program teaching materials. There are currently 158 members ranging in size from a one-room school in the middle of the state to the large school systems of Buffalo, Rochester, and Syracuse.

This nonprofit venture owes its success to effective programming and excellent cooperation between educators and commercial broadcasters.

COY L. LUDWIG,
Acting Executive Secretary,
Empire State FM
School of the Air.
Syracuse, N.Y.

DEAD, BUT NOT DEAD

I READ WITH INTEREST Martin Williams's article. In the cause of accuracy, however, I must take exception to the impression created by his article that network radio in the traditional sense is virtually defunct. It just isn't so!

I don't presume, of course, to speak for our competitors in network radio because they can state the case in their own behalf far more capably than I. But I would ask you and your readers to consider whether the programming activity now going on at the CBS Radio Network, for one, can possibly fit Mr. Williams's words—"a brief network news segment here, and a weekend catch-all 'service' show . . . there."

This network presents ten minutes of news on the hour, fourteen times a day, every weekday. It presents two fifteen-minute news broadcasts, mornings and evenings. It presents "Lowell Thomas and the News" five nights a week. It presents regular programs of news analysis and two weekly discussion features, "Capitol Cloakroom" and "The Leading Question." Great books are discussed every week on "Invitation to Learning." Great music is heard (as it has been for over thirty years) on the weekly concerts of the New York Philharmonic. Under the over-all title, "Dimension," we present no less than sixty-three information programs a week on an extraordinary range of subjects.

And this isn't all. There are frequent

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With Malice for All

By JOHN CIARDI

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" came out in full ruffles at New York's Majestic Theatre on January 24 and in anticipation of a revival of interest in Sheridan's brittle sub-masterpiece, Command Records has issued an album of the play by the original cast as recorded (or so I presume from the 1962 copyright) in England, and now reboxed for American consumption. The handsome album is Command's RS 13002 SD (stereo, six sides, $17.94.).

A review of a record album is hardly the occasion for a detailed criticism of Sheridan as a dramatist. It is perhaps enough to say that if he stands far above his contemporaries, they (and he) stand far below the masters of other periods of English drama. Perhaps the very slightness of the play is its strength, for certainly it is as elegantly empty today as it was when it first curtsied to the Georgian fops. John Gielgud as director attaches to the album a note in which he ranks it "with Shakespeare's golden Comedies, Congreve's 'The Way of the World,' and Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest'—among the most brilliant successes in our English theatrical literature," but surely such a declaration is an act of attempted salesmanship rather than one of attempted criticism. The play survives as a period piece distinguished, in an age in which technical adequacy was distinction enough, by the rudimentary unity of its plot, and by outdoing even its own age in the brilliantly epigrammatical vacuity of its dialogue.

The comedy of manners, to be sure, has no need to delineate character or to deal with human emotions as any man's life must bring them to him. It is a deliberate genre and one that comes by its unreality by the artful assumption (artful in that the author knows the assumption to be as false as the rules of any other game) that social conventions are an absolute of human behavior, and that no "person of fashion" could conceive of acting on motives outside these conventions. A simple servant, or an eccentric, might show some minor connection to a human nervous system independent of the world of fashion, but what the comedy of manners has to offer above all else is a particular elegance of speech and mannerism in ingeniously stylized situations. The total may touch upon a human commentary by satiric implication but at best it does so with the lightest possible touch.

These characteristics of the genre are especially relevant to the problems of a recorded reading since the elegance of manners, costume, and setting that would reveal themselves instantly to the eye must be conveyed entirely by the voices. Those voices must not only be elegantly incessant but must also manage to reveal visual situations and to unwind the skeins of the trivial plot. Since, moreover, the characters lack what may be called human differentiation, since all their dialogue is stylized to one conforming elegance, and since there is a largish cast (twenty in this case) shifting about from one artificially talky situation to another, the listener can easily lose track of the characters at times and not know who is speaking.

THE present cast, as one would expect, solves its problems brilliantly, each player managing a voice-flavor of his own. Ralph Richardson manages a Sir Peter Teazle as stupidly narrow and self-convinced as the worst of them, but with enough curmudgeon in his voice to suggest he does half-meaningfully resist calumny as a profession. John Gielgud, to my ear, outdoes even Richardson, turning in a gorgeously unctious and prissy voice for the hypocritical Joseph Surface. Geraldine McEwan certainly equals him in the brilliance of her voice-performance of the seemingly frivolous and heartless wife-tease who might almost be said to love her husband, had she a real world in which to conceive such a sentiment. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies conveys a distinctive and distinguished voice of lyrical malice for Mrs. Candour. And Pinkie Johnstone, with little to do as Marie, nevertheless achieves a small triumph of the ingenue voice. There is, in fact, nothing for it but to smother the whole cast in roses.

Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Geraldine McEwan—"solved the problem brilliantly."

As a recording, however, the presentation suffers two shortcomings among its excellences. John Gielgud (director of the recording as of the play) showed an excellent sense of the limitations of a recording in his use of a narrator to set the scene. Having taken that much liberty toward excellence, he would have done well to take the further liberty of introducing into the recorded version of the text the names of the persons being addressed. I especially wish he had done so at careful intervals of those drawing room scenes in which six or eight characters are all busily tossing off brittle dialogue. I listened twice without a text and both times found myself in some passing confusion as to which lily was doing the wafting on what wind and to whom.

The second shortcoming must be charged to Command Records for failing to supply a text. The listening cannot fail to go better when one comes to it text in hand, and how many people are likely to have a text of "The School for Scandal" ready on their shelves? These are, to be sure, minor failings. Listeners with a developed taste for the trivial will find this reading a living monument to it, and to the theatre of elegance.

Aside from those mentioned above, the cast reads:

Characters	*Players*
Lady Sneerwell	Meriel Forbes
Sir Oliver Surface	Laurence Naismith
Rowley	Malcolm Keen
Charles Surface	Richard Easton
Snake	David Evans
Crabtree	Charles Lloyd Pack
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Peter Barkworth
Moses	Howard Goorney
Trip	David Evans
Careless	Peter Barkworth
Sir Harry Bumper	Donald Pickering
First Gentleman	Martin Friend
Second Gentleman	Jonathan Newth
Servant to Sir Joseph	Michael Kent
Maid to Lady Teazle	Betty Bowden

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TV: U and Non-U

by IVAN BERGER

ONE of the more mysterious adjuncts of life to the average American is the channel selector of his TV set. It is, of course, divided into thirteen segments, but few cities provide programs for more than half of these. New York, with seven, is among the best served in the country, paralleled or closely seconded by Los Angeles, Chicago, and a few other centers. But all have gaps that suggest wasted opportunities.

The reasons for these gaps, however, are basically simple. The intermediate spaces are reserved for use by other stations in cities which are close enough, geographically, to overlap in the "fringe areas" if they utilized the same channel, or frequency. Hence the possibility of extending the program service to cities which might want to develop additional stations is proscribed by immutable physical fact.

These facts, however, are restricted to the part of the audio spectrum which is designated as VHF—Very High Frequency. Above and beyond lies the domain of UHF—Ultra High Frequency, and it is into this area that plans for expansion of TV service are being pushed. Most sets now in use can be adapted for such reception by addition of a UHF convertor at a modest price (about $30). The catch is, of course, that scant programming now exists in that area, and perhaps 14 per cent of all the sets in use can receive what programming is available.

It is a fair probability, however, that in the next half-dozen years UHF will come to have a meaningful reality for millions. Late last year, Congress enacted legislation which promises to stimulate the reception, which, in turn, will stimulate the use of UHF channels. This is the requirement that all TV sets sold in interstate commerce after April 30, 1964, must contain UHF tuning facilities. As nearly 10 per cent of TV sets are traded in or otherwise replaced each year, a continuing supply of all-channel sets will gradually replace those limited to the present thirteen channels. Those who continue to use present models can achieve the conversion, as noted above, for a modest sum. In a decade, it is reasonable to assume that practically all sets will be UHF-ready. In anticipation of such development, stations operating on UHF channels will soon be springing up rapidly in many parts of the country.

This, says FCC chief Newton Minow, is all to the good. Half of the country's viewing areas are now limited to one channel apiece; only one-fourth of the nation is covered by three or more channels. By law, the maximum number of VHF channels permitted within any single viewing area is seven, and New York—with the nation's largest television audience—has achieved the maximum.

But already, three UHF transmitters are on the air in the New York area, providing services for which the VHF band has no room.

Channel 47 carries a continuous radar picture of New York harbor, broadcast by the Coast Guard to boats which would otherwise lack radar facilities.

Channel 31, begun as an FCC experiment in UHF reception under tough metropolitan conditions, has continued as the television arm of New York's city-operated Municipal Broadcasting System. WNYC-TV's schedule is devoted to "Municipal Television: Civics plus Culture." In practice, the station broadcasts training programs for police, fire, and other city departments, information on the city and its government, special-interest programming, and the nation's most extensive TV coverage of the United Nations.

Channel 77, a small experimental transmitter atop the George Washington Bridge, rebroadcasts WNYC-TV's programs to difficult reception areas in upper Manhattan.

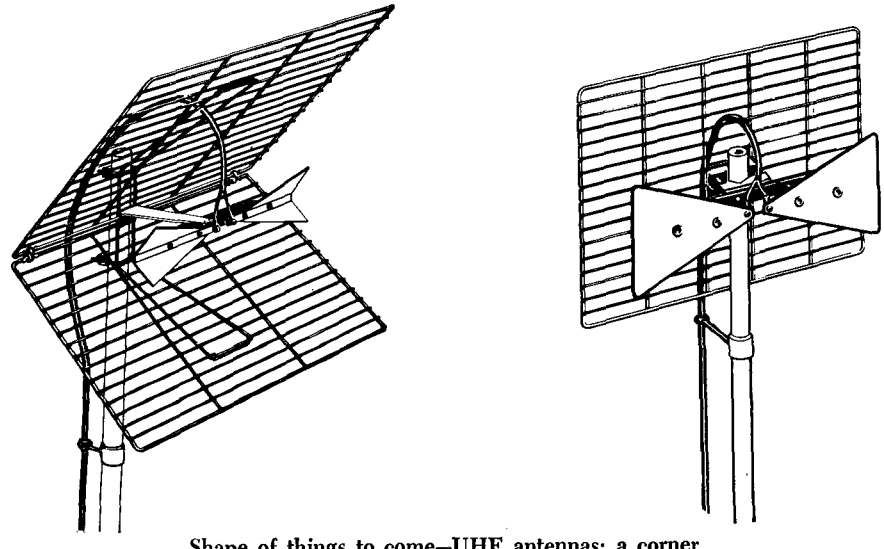
Spanish International Broadcasting Co., owner of several Mexican border stations and Los Angeles's Spanish-language UHF station, KMEX, has filed for a UHF franchise in Paterson, New Jersey, to serve the growing Puerto Rican population of the New York area.

Seymour N. Siegel, head of New York's Municipal Broadcasting System, predicts that eventually twenty stations or more will serve the New York area. The FCC's Minow hopes to see at least a five-channel choice offered to every viewer in the nation: three network stations, one independent, and one educational. The ideal, to Mr. Minow, is "public gain by choice." Both Minow and Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver, (former head of NBC Television), expect a fourth network to form, which Mr. Weaver hopes will be devoted to "blue-chip" quality programming for the critical and selective viewer.

The higher frequencies of the UHF band are more restricted in their range than VHF signals, but within twenty-five miles of the transmitter, signals are of about equal quality. UHF is more vulnerable to "ghosts" from reflected signals, but less vulnerable to man-made interference. With a simple converter, and possibly an additional antenna, any present set can receive all eighty-two channels.

Tuning facilities on future TV sets will differ, of course. While the twelve-channel VHF band will probably continue to be selected by a twelve-position switch, as on present tuners, the seventy-channel UHF band will, no doubt, be continuously tuned, like a radio dial. Pushbutton selection of the most frequently watched UHF channels is a possibility, making UHF tuners resemble car radios. Another possibility is the "signal-seeking" tuner, also an automobile radio feature. This would simplify remote-control tuning.

But ten years of experience and over 100 UHF stations now on the air show that the technical problems are all either soluble or solved. It remains to be seen how the UHF boom will affect your viewing habits, but one thing seems sure: your habits will be affected.



Shape of things to come—UHF antennas: a corner reflector type (left) and a bow-tie type (right).

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Recordings in Review

Prey and Lyre

SCHUBERT: *"An Silvia," "Im Abendrot," "Der Wanderer an den Mond," "Erlkönig";* SCHUMANN: *"Der Hidalgo," "Meine Rose," "Der Spielmann";* BRAHMS: *"Wiegenlied," "Die Mainacht," "Sonntag," "Dein Blaues Auge," "Ständchen";* STRAUSS: *"Heimliche Aufforderung," "Heimkehr," "Allerseelen," and "Ständchen." Hermann Prey, baritone, with Karl Engel, piano.* London OS 25757, $5.98.

Ever since the voice of Hermann Prey came to attention (*SR*, May 28, 1960) in the Odeon issue of the "Italienisches Liederbuch" (with Erna Berger) some of us have been waiting impatiently for further evidence of his abilities as a lieder singer. They were, in a sense, latent in the attractive Wolfram he sang at his Metropolitan debut in the 1960-61 season (unfortunately restricted to this single role in "Tannhäuser"), but they are now revealed at greater length for the first time.

The simplest statement of his quality is to say that no talent equal to his has been heard since the advent of Fischer-Dieskau a decade and more ago. But the simplest would not be the most accurate. Prey has a lyric quality all his own, which lends itself to lightly soaring, beautifully sustained performances of "An Silvia," "Der Wanderer an den Mond," and the Strauss "Ständchen," yet his "Erlkönig" is one of the best in years, not only for the intelligent effort to differentiate the voices of father, son, and "Erlkönig," but also for the restraint with which the effort is successfully accomplished. Note, too, that the final "tot" is not a hollow gasp, but a properly articulated B (in the key of his choice).

Prey "a lyric quality all his own."

Prey's ability to differentiate moods and styles is aptly illustrated in his jaunty, rhythmically springy "Hidalgo" (not unlike the famous one of Schlusnus), the fervent "Allerseelen," and the affecting "Heimkehr." However, he does not yet possess the full command of the necessary vocal technique to deal with "Heimliche Aufforderung" equitably, and for some reason his penetration into the Brahms literature is less persuasive than his Schubert, Schumann, and Strauss. Karl Engel supports him well at the piano.

Christa Ludwig, Alto-Soprano

BRAHMS: *"Alto Rhapsody";* WAGNER: *"Wesendonck lieder," "Liebestod" (from "Tristan und Isolde"). Christa Ludwig, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer.* Angel 35923 (stereo) $5.98, (mono) $4.98.

Christa Ludwig's trend to higher things manifest in her Leonore in the Klemperer "Fidelio" (*SR*, Sept. 29, 1962) seems to be momentarily detoured in this endeavor—or is it? Miss Ludwig, who is clearly described on the "Fidelio" brochure as "soprano," is here backdated to "mezzo-soprano." Since Brahms's title for his setting of verses from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter" is "Alt-Rhapsodie," why not go the whole way and describe Miss Ludwig as an alto-soprano, thus taking in anything she might be inclined to do today, tomorrow, or next year?

In any case, she lacks the weight of sound (as well as the specific low tones) to make a properly imposing effect in one of Brahms's weightiest pronouncements. Perhaps to equalize the burden, Klemperer—who has done so many other things recently so slowly—does a rather light-handed treatment altogether.

On the other hand, I am not convinced that Miss Ludwig's development as a soprano has progressed to the point where she makes a convincing effect in the "Wesendonck" songs or the "Liebestod." This strikes me as a kind of make-work project for a singer who has not mastered the mood or manner of this material, whether or not she can sing the notes. Miss Ludwig's "Liebestod" has a kind of girlish ecstasy that might be an interesting experience as the culmination of a full-length performance (something not yet in her ken) but is out of character as an isolated excerpt; her "Wesendonck" songs are vocally inconsistent and not in the class, expressively, of those recently heard from Farrell and Crespin

Naumburg-Sponsored Novelties

BARATI: *Chamber Concerto. Eugene Ormandy conducting members of the Philadelphia Orchestra.* ROCHBERG: *Symphony No. 2. Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Philharmonic.* Columbia MS 6379, $5.98.

The valuable work that has been done for years in the concert hall under the auspices of the Naumburg Foundation is legendary. Not so well known is the effort expended recently on behalf of worthy works by composers of American birth or citizenship with a view to circulating the best of them via recordings. The pairing of the Hungarian-born Barati (who came to America before the war, served three years in the U.S. Army, and is now musical director of the Honolulu Symphony) with the New Jersey-born Rochberg exemplifies both aspects of the project admirably.

It also exemplifies the temptation as well as the dilemma of many contemporary composers. Both Rochberg and Barati affiliate themselves with the method of composition utilizing the twelve-tone row principle. But they diverge from it to greater or lesser degree, as impulse decrees. In neither case does it seem to me that either has attained a fusion that produces a characteristic or personal idiom.

Rochberg's symphony is the more ambitious of the two, marked by strongly contrasting moods, conflicts of expression and emotion. The ending, which I take to be enigmatic and questioning, strikes me as characteristic of the work as a whole—a probing toward something which may be exposed in Rochberg's next. Barati's score is much more sportive, with a concertante of flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon adroitly employed against what sounds like a string ensemble. Themes originally stated in differing tempi are finally combined but not reconciled, as the first movement ends without really finishing. The wind instruments have more prominence in the slow movement and finale (which are connected by a short interlude), but almost always the concentration is on what

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they are doing with and among themselves rather than the meaning that may or may not be conveyed to the listener. It is hardly surprising, then, that what is conveyed is, on the whole, of rather modest interest. Performances and recording are both of high quality.

"Winterreise" No. 3 By Hotter

SCHUBERT: *"Die Winterreise." Hans Hotter, basso, with Erik Werba, piano.* Deutsche Grammophon S138-778-9, $13.96. Mono $11.96.

One of the first suggestions that Hans Hotter (already celebrated as Wotan) might be a fine lieder singer was embodied in a stunning performance of Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" which circulated on an English Columbia disc in the late 1940s. There has never been reason since to doubt that his aptitude for this medium was as great as or greater than it had been at that prior period—the question was: when would there be wholly satisfactory evidence on records?

At issue, of course, was Hotter's vocal condition at any given time. A giant figure (six feet four, and appropriately broad-shouldered) with a voice of the depth to match, he was reputed to suffer from hayfever or some comparable malady which interfered with the free breathing essential for singing. A collateral difficulty clouded the vocal cords, making the sound thick, husky, and sometimes toneless.

Here, however, is an accomplishment almost wholly free from the blemishes that marred both of his preceding versions of "Die Winterreise" (on Decca DX 111, dating from 1950 with Michael Raucheisen, and on Angel 3521-2 issued in the mid-Fifties, with Gerald Moore). Nor is it wholly a case of better vocal condition; rather, it relates more to the art of singing with but a fraction of the voice, but controlling that amount of tone to a hairbreadth's accentuation of emphasis. In addition to the strong lyric feeling which always made his "Gute Nacht" or "Lindenbaum" outstanding, Hotter now commands the means to make music dramas in miniature of "Rückblick" and "Die Krähe" (the latter, in particular, is a masterpiece of coloration). Such a song as "Täuschung" is still intractable for a voice of Hotter's displacement, but the mood is there nevertheless. Like the great artist he is, Hotter reserves his best for the last—a bleakly touching "Leiermann" which leaves the emphasis where it should be: on the genius of the man who created it and all the foregoing embodiments of Müller's poetry. Werba's piano playing is in keeping with its surroundings.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

"Erwartung" by Pilarczyk

VOLUME I of "The Music of Arnold Schoenberg," as Columbia M2S 679 ($11.96) is titled, bears the name of Robert Craft as conductor and immediately suggests some such pioneering totality as his Complete Webern or Exhaustive Berg. But an investigation of its contents reveals that of the close to two hours of material contained on the two discs, only the seventeen minutes of "Die Glückliche Hand" is not now or has not recently been available in other form.

This means, simply, that what is detaining about this collation of Schoenberg is not so much what but how—that is, not the mere opportunity to become acquainted with "Erwartung," or "Pierrot Lunaire," or "A Survivor from Warsaw," or the violin concerto, but rather what new light is shed on them by their interpreters (in the order above): Helga Pilarczyk, Bethany Beardsley, John Horton, and Israel Baker. In particular, of course, what illumination is provided by the one steady factor among the changing ones: Craft himself as director.

The first gleam of insight that conveys itself to me is that Craft conceives all of these works, instrumental as well as vocal, in terms of line, or horizontal progress rather than vertical coincidence. It is quite possible that this is a common view among the better interpreters of Schoenberg, but it is difficult to recollect a previous one who was represented by a sufficient variety of performances to make such a consistent point of view apparent.

Unlike some prior interpreters who derived that point of view directly from the composer (Mitropoulos for "Erwartung," Stiedry for "Pierrot Lunaire"), Craft puts less emphasis on isolation of the word values, more on a blend of sound in which voice and instruments comprise a musical totality. In "Pierrot Lunaire" in particular, Miss Beardsley's effect is rather less that of the moonstruck Pierrot concerned with "images of crime, guilt, and punishment" than of a well-bred soprano possessed of a singular virtuosity in getting out certain pitches with or without instrumental assistance.

It is just the note of desperation and artistic abandon which Miss Beardsley lacks that makes the performance of Helga Pilarczyk in "Erwartung" all-absorbing. As her recent performance in the "Slavonic Mass" with the Philharmonic directed by Leonard Bernstein suggested, this is no vocal specialist with a spectacular talent for doing just a certain kind of thing well, but a highly imaginative artist with a broad range of vocal resource. This includes the ability to declaim the German text with an almost frightening intensity and a degree of clarity that is, of itself, a kind of aural value. The recording with the orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington (where the performance originated) is more a blur of voices and instruments than I would prefer, but if the bass can be thinned out in the reproduction, a better proportion can be achieved.

For all the abundance of visual incidence Schönberg prescribed for "Die Glückliche Hand," the power of expression and imagery that he achieved through sound alone makes a compelling experience. Thanks are due to David Johnson for the extent and detail of the "scenario" plus text in German and English which, together, enable the listener to imagine what he cannot see. Robert Oliver does splendidly with the all-important solo part for bass, and the choral-instrumental elements are brilliantly organized under Craft's direction. No prior performance of "A Survivor from Warsaw" I have heard matches the present one, in which John Horton is the narrator and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Symphony Orchestra is joined by the Festival Singers of Toronto. Of similar quality in its vastly different way is the performance by Baker (also with the CBC Symphony) of the violin concerto. This goes beyond his virtuosity in playing all the notes, which was an eminent distinction for earlier performers (when there was some doubt whether this could be done at all), to matters of shading, coloring, and personalizing them in a meaningful way. Together, Craft and Baker make this "second-generation" performance a strongly convincing one.

Above and beyond the distinction of any single work in this collection, there emerges most strongly the root fact that Schoenberg's idiom was precisely right for the artistic impulses that motivated him, and that in some specific instances he was profoundly motivated. It emphasizes with almost ironic clarity the vain pretensions of those who deem the idiom of some use in the absence of such motivation. —I.K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Leonore Overtures Nos. 1, 2, and 3. "Fidelio" overture. Lorin Maazel conducting the Israel Philharmonic. London CS 6328, $5.98.	Maazel's current inclination to fast tempi cuts two ways here: it facilitates the inclusion of two works on each side in circumstances that do not hamper the best sound possible, while urging Beethoven along at a pace that is more than a little abrupt for the weight of what he is trying to say. What will happen when Maazel has conducted all kinds of music sufficiently to measure his character to theirs, rather than vice versa, is beyond prediction now. The presentation of the works sequentially (for which an unacknowledged debt is owing to H. Scherchen on the Westminster label at the suggestion of C. G. Burke) yields more that is illuminating as opportunities for familiarity increase. In almost every instance, Beethoven's changes are improvements, especially in the elimination of needless transitions, bridges, and link-passages, in the purification and simplification of his harmonic procedures. The nub of it is that either Leonore No. 1 or Leonore No. 2 would be a durable repertory piece, but it is No. 3 that is the insuperable masterpiece. It is the best of Maazel's four performances, the "Fidelio" in particular being hard-driven. The Israel Philharmonic plays well for him, but the recording place (the Hadar Cinema in the Ramat Gan vicinity of Tel Aviv) yields too much that is shallow in resonance and insufficient in brilliance for wholly satisfactory results.
Bruch: Concerto No. 1 in G minor. Mozart: Concerto No. 4 in D. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the New Symphony of London conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2652 $4.98/$5.98; RE, 4TC 2133, $8.95.	Considering how long he has lived with this work, it is an abiding miracle that Heifetz still finds new things to say in it, new challenges to be surmounted. These relate, of course, not at all to the manipulation of the instrument through the familiar terrain, but rather to the hitherto understressed relationship of the violin and orchestral elements at some crucial points. And in its combination of superbly suave sound and justness of feeling, it earns rank as the classic performance of Bruch for this time, a rank to which Sargent provides a more than helping hand. In the Mozart of this pairing (it replaces No. 5 in a previous combination of Heifetz, Sargent, and Bruch) there is less that strikes the note of inevitability. A brilliant success in terms of the performers' accomplishment of what they set out to achieve, it moves a little heavily, deals a little overmuch in brilliance and spice for the best service to the composer. However, the recording would command attention if only for the Heifetz cadenzas (included in the prior version with Beecham.) They are, in the Kreisler mode, contrapuntal and extremely well worked out. The supervising team of London technicians has served soloist, orchestra, and composers with distinction.
Couperin: "Pièces en Concert"; Mozart: Divertimento in D (K.136); Corelli: Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 4; Britten: Simple Symphony. Antonio Janigro, cellist and conductor, Anton Heiler, harpsichord, and the Solisti di Zagreb. RCA Victor LSC 2653, $5.98.	It may sound to some that there are more "Solisti di Zagreb" in this recording than in others, but the difference is more likely in the resonant spaces of the Vienna hall in which they were recorded. Janigro is his own soloist in the arrangement by Paul Bazélaire of the Couperin pieces, and so excellent that one regrets not hearing more of his cello playing. However, as conductor of the Mozart, Corelli (with Heiler), and Britten, Janigro produces such consistently superior results that one can only encourage him for the other career to which he is so well suited. An altogether unusual and rewarding collection, beautifully performed and reproduced.
Haydn: Lyrenkonzerte Nos. 1, 2, and 4. Wiener Kammerorchester directed by Paul Angerer. Amadeo AVRS 6176 $5.95; Nos. 3 and 5, Notturno No. 1. The same. Amadeo AVRS 6237, $5.95.	For the Haydn fancier who "has everything," these two discs of esoterica may make for a pleasan winter's evening by the hi-fi side. The lyre (or lire, for it is spelled one way on one disc, the other way on the other) was a form of mechanical organ (pipes blown by air from bellows operated by a hand crank) which degenerated into the kind of droning hand organ immortalized by Schubert in "Der Leiermann." These "concerti" were written for a royal patron who fancied the original "lira organizzata" and performed on it to the accompaniment of an "orchestra" made up of seven or so strings, plus horns or clarinets. What is interesting, however, is Haydn's later use of some movements contrived for this odd combination—nothing less than the slow movement of the "Military" symphony (without, of course, its percussion ruffles) and two movements of Symphony No. 89. As the original instrument no longer exists, the material has been arranged for strings plus two "Blockflöten," or recorders, which, it is contended, closely approximate the sound of the "lira arganizzata" and in any case make for a charming sonority on their own. The material is delightful if hardly profound, the performances excellent, the reproduction satisfactory.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 26 (D major) and 27 (B flat major). Robert Casadesus, piano with George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony. Columbia MS 6403, $5.98; Mono ML 5803, $4.98.	The introduction to these performances is none too auspicious—a rather cramped, confined, resonant frame. However, the performances themselves are so good and the balance of elements so well preserved that the adjustment is worth the effort. Indeed, by the middle of the first one auditioned (in my case, the D major) the ear accepted what it heard as a reasonable standard. As in the several previous works of this composer they have recorded together, Szell and Casadesus share an equally refined conception of Mozartian justice, which ennobles No. 27 in particular (this "Coronation" is a replacement for a previous one which had been paired with No. 24). I find no reference, in either case, to the composer of the cadenzas.
Prokofiev: Concerto for left hand. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Bartok: Concerto No. 1. Serkin with the Columbia Symphony conducted by George Szell. Columbia MS 6405, $5.98.	As some music lovers are aware, Prokofiev's creation of this concerto for left hand alone was a product of the same endeavor by the late Paul Wittgenstein to create a literature of this special sort that brought into being the well-known work of Ravel. What many (myself included) did not know is that Wittgenstein's lack of enthusiasm for the score Prokofiev sent him resulted in the work's being discarded for a quarter-century until another war-maimed pianist (Siegfried Rapp) sought it out in the mid-Fifties. The impulse that drew Serkin to it is an altogether commendable one, for he plays the music with a mixture of introspection and bravura that is much to its advantage. It is not the most outgoing kind of Prokofiev, but it certainly represents well the work he was doing as of 1931. The Bartok shows the composer laboring with the tonal and rhythmic influences of Stravinsky in the two fast movements, but the andante is far more characteristic of his own personalized poetry. It would be hard to imagine all its values realized with more justice or precision than they are here. Whatever the circumstances of recording, the two sides have been equalized to much the same tonal characteristics.
Shostakovitch: Concerto No. 1. André Previn, piano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Poulenc: Concerto. Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianists, with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Bernstein. Columbia Stereo MS 6392, $5.98; Mono ML S792, $4.98.	The presentation of these works back to back may have a shade more disadvantage than advantage. Each is clearly constructed for purposes of pleasing, of entertaining, and the double dose tends t diminish the degree of individuality in either. However, those not deterred by thoughts of this kin will find Previn a sure-handed, admirably equipped soloist in the Shostakovitch; Gold and Fizdale the almost pre-ordained soloists for the Poulenc; and Bernstein a magisterially-minded intermediary in both. The recording is also sensitive to the values in the music.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MOSTLY MODERNISTS

Bossa from Both Sides of the Border

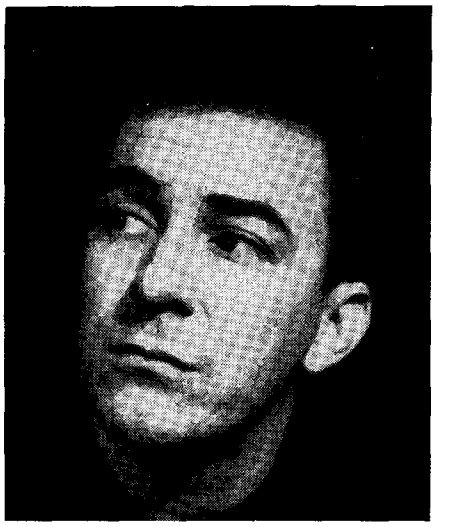
A LITTLE over a month ago a national magazine reported that there were some forty bossa nova, or "jazz samba," LPs on the market. By now, there may well be twice that many, ranging in price from 97 cents to $4.98. There are also certain international recriminations in the air. The Brazilians are saying that the Americans get the rhythm all wrong, or that they are playing the old "heavy" samba beat, or that they just don't have the right touch anyway. Further, they add, the one undisputed hit, the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd version of Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Desafinado," is played incorrectly, with wrong harmonies and without the proper bridge.

The Americans might retaliate that if they get the samba wrong in the jazz samba, the Brazilians are weak on the jazz. It does not seem altogether inappropriate that one of the most blandly derivative American jazzmen has been told by Rio musicians (at least according to his publicity) that he plays bossa "like a native." At any rate, the Brazilian improvisers heard on "Do the Bossa Nova with Herbie Mann" (Atlantic 1397), recorded in Rio, seem rather derivative, if not exactly bland, but guitarist Baden Powell is lovely in his own idiom on "Consolacao." (Incidentally, since bossa nova is, in Brazil at any rate, a music and not a dance, one wonders how one is to "do" it, with or without Herbie Mann.)

The best, or I would say the most authentically sympathetic, American bossa nova performances that I have heard are on a Dizzy Gillespie LP, titled (inappropriately enough) "Dizzy on the French Riviera" (Phillips 200-048). Besides a dubbed-in moment of some French children noisily enjoying themselves in the breaking surf, there is a quite authentic reading of "Desafinado," plus a ten-minute exploration of Jobim's romantic "No More Blues." There are more Latin rhythms in Lalo Schiffrin's "Pau de Arara," and "Long Long Summer," and Gillespie's "For the Gypsies," plus a decidedly North American blues called "Here 'Tis, You Hear?" and a ballad, "I Waited for You." Gillespie's well-established affinity for almost any and all "Afro-American" rhythms is, of course, tellingly evident. The best American bossa novas, yes. But it is surely not the best Gillespie LP I have heard, and that is perhaps some kind of comment on the nature of bossa nova.

Further comment on its nature is contained on an LP which is something of a sleeper. It is the film score to "Black Orpheus" (Epic LN 3672) and it was one of the earliest examples of this contemporary Brazilian popular music to be issued in the United States. In its original context, some years ago, this music generally fulfilled a romantically lush, mood-setting function very well. A moody, slightly nostalgic romanticism is apparently essential to bossa nova; at least it is essential to the songs of João Gilberto, who is one of the most celebrated performers in the idiom. He can be heard on Capitol T 10280, and on the recently released Atlantic 8070, called (I'm sorry to say) "Boss of the Bossa Nova." My impression is that Gilberto is a very engaging popular singer. He does not offer the self-conscious emotionalisms of the continental cabaret singer, but in his lightly lovelorn or quasi-philosophical airs he shows neither the emotional power nor the spontaneous musicianship of a good jazz singer; indeed, I doubt that one's interest in him is really musical. However, he does have much rhythmic poise, especially in the way he handles the bossa nova syncopations. And his work divertingly illustrates one consistent device in this music: the tension between a comparatively simple melody, with romantically unexpected intervals and twists, and an accompaniment in a contrastingly busy but flexible samba rhythm, lightly played.

All of which brings us to a new release by Sheila Jordan ("Portrait of Sheila," Blue Note 9002), a very talented singer who has had a widespread word-of-mouth reputation among musicians for years, but who has heretofore recorded only briefly and more or less obscurely as she waited for the kind of presentation she thought best. Here it involves a sparse and challenging, no-place-to-hide accompaniment performed with fine responsiveness by Barry Galbraith on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, and Denzil Best on drums. Miss Jordan has a small, intimately microphoned, slightly edgy but very flexible voice, and a superb musical ear. Further, her singing has an emotional potential to complement that flexibility, and it is of an order that has been missing from jazz singing for a long time. True, she does push the rhythm a bit on "Falling in Love with Love" and she has an occasional vocal quaver or two that does not exactly ring true histrionically—a slight nervousness, I would judge. But she performs "If You Could See Me Now," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Am I Blue," and an amusing "Baltimore Oriole," for example, with a musical adventurousness one hears in jazz instrumentalists.



Gilberto — "unexpected intervals and twists."

"Two of a Mind" (RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2624) is a collaboration by Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan plus bass and drums, in unison and harmony, in spontaneous counterpoint, and in alternating solos, with bass and drums. I think it captures Desmond's lovely and gentle sense of melody and his sly wit at least as well as any LP I know of, and Mulligan here plays with a rhythmic variety that is most welcome. Indeed, the latter's gorgeous variations on "Stardust" alone would make this an exceptional LP, but by saying so, I neglect solos on, say, "Out of Nowhere" or "The Way You Look Tonight" that are almost as good.

The forceful, straight-ahead momentum of Dexter Gordon's tenor presents a quite different sensibility from either Desmond's or Mulligan's. Gordon was one of a handful of men who, in the early Forties, made a personal synthesis of the two tenor sax traditions—of the styles of Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. But Gordon himself has recently become a better player than ever, and "Go" (Blue Note 4112) is sustained evidence of that. It includes two slow ballads, a medium "Love for Sale," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," Gordon's "Cheesecake," and a compellingly sustained "Second Balcony Jump," a piece from Gordon's days with the Billy Eckstine orchestra, one of the first modern jazz ensembles. Drummer Billy Higgins's accompaniments are praiseworthy—as usual.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Well Tempered Clavier (Book I, Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1-8). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia Stereo MS 6408, $5.98; mono ML 5808, $4.98.	Like them or not, Gould performances are almost never dull. This introduction to what is promised to comprehend the whole of the "48" is no exception, from the first figure of the C major prelude, in which the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh notes are not connected in the customary arpeggiation but individually articulated, like the detached bow strokes a violinist uses. This is fair warning that what follows is not related to a "pianistic" treatment of Bach, but rather an objective restatement of the interacting lines and voices which happens to use the piano as their medium. Thus, pedal or other coloristic values are rejected, and reliance is put wholly on the levels of sound the performer can produce by finger action alone. This is considerable, in spite of tempi that tend to be faster than those commonly heard. Gould commands not only a remarkably equalized strength in both hands, but also the power to make any finger do his bidding as freely as any other. The total purpose by which he is animated will hardly be measurable until his survey is much further along, but this introduction is as stimulating to the attention as it is unconventional to the ear. One thing is certain: at his most forthright and unsentimental Gould is nevertheless deeply involved with the music's meaning as he conceives it; passionately pursuing the ebb and flow of thought wherever it may lead. The self-written commentary that might have been anticipated is replaced by a lengthy quotation from Schweitzer.
Bartok: Divertimento. Vivaldi: Concerto Grosso in B minor (Op. 3, No. 10) and Concerto Grosso in D minor (Op. 3, No. 11). Rudolf Barshai conducting the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. London Stereo CS 6332, $5.98; mono CM 9332, $4.98.	What will strike the ear immediately in these performances is the exceptional discipline of the players, the wide range of their dynamic palette (and London has cooperated almost beyond reason in permitting the sound on the low end to sink to a whisper), and the beautifully resonant sound they command at all gradations of loud and soft. How this sound is applied to the music of choice is another matter, of course. I would relish rather more bite and even a bit of rasp in the Bartok, where the rough edges of his writings are almost always rounded, and less of the sometimes ostentatious refinement practiced in the Vivaldi. At the same time it is an unmitigated pleasure to hear such superb playing so splendidly reproduced.
Bonime: "Danse Hebraique"; Bloch: "Nigun"; Perlman: "Dance of the Rebbitzen"; Chajes: "The Chassid"; Goldfaden: "Raisins and Almonds"; Achron: "Hebrew Melody," "Eili, Eili" (arranged by Elman); Lavry: "Yemenite Wedding"; and Bruch: "Kol Nidre." Mischa Elman, violin, with Joseph Seiger, piano. Vanguard VSD 2137, $5.95.	It need hardly be added that the title of this collection is "Hebraic Melodies." From Elman's identification with its known elements ("Eili Eili," "Kol Nidre," "Nigun," etc.), one could well anticipate his equal identification with its unknowns by Perlman, Chajes, Lavry, etc. Whatever their musical value—and some of the latter are slight—they amount to more in Elman's hands than in those of any other. The reason for this is simple: they coexist on the most fundamental level of his musical experience, and there is nothing more basic in his emotional organization. Seeger's piano playing is all it should be.
Britten: "A Brisk Young Widow," "O Waly, Waly," "Sweet Polly Oliver," "Early One Morning," "The Bonny Earl O'Moray," "The Ash Grove," "Come You Not from Newcastle," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Miller of Dee," "Avenging and Bright," "The Plough Boy," etc. Peter Pears, tenor, with Benjamin Britten, piano. London OS 25327, $5.98.	One of the better things about this collection of folk songs arranged by Britten is the verse from *Punch* included in the liner notes which reads: "There's no need for Pears/To give himself airs;/ He has them written,/By Benjamin Britten." The notes further describe these settings thus "There is no burning nationalist in the creator of these settings but a genius doing a good job." This may be applied to the other better things in this dozen plus particularly "The Minstrel Boy," "The Last Rose," "Ca the Yowes," and "Sweet Polly Oliver," where there is valid musical opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity. Elsewhere where the material is thinner, so are the interests of the setting. However, Pears is an absorbing interpreter and Britten a brilliant accompanist in all circumstances, and when these are right, as in the concluding "The Plough Boy," the results are enchanting.
Chopin: Mazurkas (Nos. 1-21). Alexander Brailowsky, piano. Columbia Stereo MS 6402, $5.98; mono ML 5802, $4.98.	In this treatment of Volume 1 of the collected Mazurkas, Brailowsky takes another step in the direction of a complete edition of Chopin which presently shows his version of the preludes and waltzes. On the whole there is a shade more of personal participation and poetic accent in these Mazurkas than in the predecessor issues, but the difference is one of degree rather than kind. Brailowsky's kind of Chopin tends to the methodical rather than the impulsive or musically illuminating, and doubtless has its value for those who are interested in a dry point or line drawing representation of the musical patterns. Others with less specialized interests are likely to find the performances metrically rigid and emotionally restricted.
Rachmaninoff: "Fantasy" (Op. 5, No. 1), Suite No. 2, Op. 17. Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo pianists. RCA Victor LM LSC 2648, $4.98/$5.98.	Few ensembles of the past and none of the present play the music of Rachmaninoff better than Vronsky and Babin. They have mastered the difficult art of serving his substance with just the right amount of sentiment to flavor the mixture without cloying the taste, and their pianistic skill is as resourceful as their musical taste is sound. On the whole, the better results are to be heard in the Fantasy of his twentieth year, for all the fact that the finale titled "Russian Easter" is a patent combination of effects in Rimsky's overture of the same name and the "Coronation Scene" from Boris. But the other two movements are attractive. The suite is certainly more mature Rachmaninoff, but it falls into too many likenesses of pattern to make one forget that it was written in the same year of 1901 as the C minor concerto (which is its key also). Fine resonant reproduction.
Schubert: Sonata in A (Op. post); Mozart: Rondo in A minor (K.511). Charles Rosen, piano. Epic Stereo BC 1255, $5.98; mono LC 3855, $4.98.	Periodically Charles Rosen makes a record that renews hope for him as one of the more thoughtful and usefully serious interpreters of his generation. That is to say, he applies his seriousness of purpose to musical ends rather than merely to a show of superiority. What is gratifying about his performance of one of Schubert's most difficult works is its clarity, composure, and lack of extraneous dramatics. It is not as consistently satisfying in sound as it might be—Rosen has a tendency to become percussive in his loud passages—but he turns some phrases and gauges some harmonic effects beautifully. Both in its character and Rosen's realization of it, the Mozart Rondo serves well its function in this space-filling assignment.
Schumann: "Carnaval"; Mendelssohn: Rondo Capriccioso in E minor; Chopin: Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise, Op. 22. Ivan Davis, piano. Columbia Stereo MS 6406, $5.98.	Davis's hands literally twinkle over the keys in some of the lightly decorative passages of the Schumann and the scherzo-like phrases of Mendelssohn, but they rarely make much contact with the musical meaning beneath. What might be more in order at this point of his career, rather than making recordings of these works, is that he spend a lot of hours listening to recordings of them by those to whom the style was inbred and meaningful. Too often he reminds one of a child masquerading in adult garments, imitating the manner of those to whom they belong, without knowing, really, what purpose the various items are meant to serve. And because his feeling is so uncertain, there is more that is languishing and sentimentalized in these performances, beautifully as they are fingered, than there is music that is honestly communicated. Good piano sound. —I. K.

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Networks for FM

Continued from page 51

cial broadcasts, like our January 25 discussion of Britain vis-à-vis France and the Common Market; special events like the man-in-space shots and elections. We carry every Presidential news conference, followed by analysis.

And this, too, is not all. For those who want entertainment and diversion of a lighter nature, we present an array of attractive personalities every weekday. They include Arthur Godfrey, Art Linkletter, Garry Moore, and Durward Kirby.

I submit that, given this picture of program activity at just one radio network, Mr. Williams's comments don't square with the facts.

In actuality, we at CBS Radio find ourselves in an era of stepped-up programming vigor." The radio network of twenty-five years ago with its emphasis on "escape" entertainment is dead, to be sure. But the radio network of today, which seeks to bring the listener into closer and closer contact with the world everywhere around him, is more vital, more meaningful than ever.

ARTHUR HULL HAYES.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This spirited defense of network radio (AM? FM?) is welcome evidence of continuing faith in its future. As noted in the article, "special isolated examples" include the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, to which the Philharmonic series may be added. As President Hayes states, "The radio network of twenty-five years ago with its emphasis on 'escape' entertainment is dead, to be sure." Actually, the figures cited average to perhaps five (six at most) hours per day of network activity. This leaves twice as many, at least, in which the local stations fare as best they can.*

WISCONSIN FM

"NETWORKS FOR FM" suffers from a serious omission. Mr. Williams failed to mention the Wisconsin State FM network that has been in operation for at least thirteen years. It covers the entire state, and of course its signals may also be received in parts of Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois. The key station is WHA-FM in Madison, and the substations are located near Delafield, Chilton, Wausau, Superior, Eau Claire, La Crosse, and Highland. The network programs contain both educational material and good music. The network has always been supported by the State of Wisconsin.

It seems to me that an article designed to describe all of the FM networks of the United States should include the Wisconsin FM network because it's one of the oldest and one of the best.

WILLIAM B. SARLES.

Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article referred to "several kinds of network [FM] radio." It did not attempt to describe or identify "all" the regional networks, of which Wisconsin State FM is one.*

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VERDI: LA TRAVIATA *(Complete).* Renata Scotto, Giuliana Tavolaccini, Armanda Bonato, Gianni Raimondi, Ettore Bastianini, others: Chorus & Orchestra of La Scala cond. Antonino Votto. *(With illustrated libretto)* 3-12", boxed.
LPM 18 832/4 Stereo SLPM 138 832/4

BACH: MASS IN B MINOR—EXCERPTS. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hertha Toepper, Munich Bach Choir & Orchestra, cond. Karl Richter.
LPEM 19 300 Stereo SLPEM 136 300

BARTOK: VIOLIN CONCERTO. György Garay, Violin; Leipzig Radio Symphony, cond. H. Kegel.
LPM 18 786 Stereo SLPM 138 786

BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, Violin; Berlin Philharmonic, cond. Paul van Kempen *(mono)*, Eugen Jochum *(stereo)*.
LPM 18 099 Stereo SLPM 138 999

BEETHOVEN: EARLY QUARTETS, OP. 18, Nos. 1-6. The Amadeus Quartet. *(3-12", boxed, with notes.)*
LPM 18 531/3 Stereo SLPM 138 531/3

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INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL: Bartok and Liszt works by prize-winners of the Budapest Competition. Gabor Gabos, C. D. Wilde, Dino Cianni, Valentyn Belcsenko.
LPEM 19 292 Stereo SLPEM 136 292

MOZART: CONCERT ARIAS. Maria Stader, Soprano; Salzburg Camerata Academica, cond. B. Paumgartner. *(Leaflet of texts.)*
LPEM 19 369 Stereo SLPEM 136 369

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTOS. No. 8 in C, K.246; No. 27 in B flat, K.595. Wilhelm Kempff, Piano; Berlin Philharmonic, cond. Ferdinand Leitner.
LPM 18 812 Stereo SLPM 138 812

MOZART: SERENADE No. 10 FOR 13 WIND INSTRUMENTS, K.361. Members of Bavarian Radio Symphony, cond. Eugen Jochum. LPM 18 830 SLPM 138 830

MOZART SYMPHONIES No. 40 & 41, "Jupiter." Berlin Philharmonic, cond. Karl Böhm.
LPM 18 815 Stereo SLPM 138 815

SCHUMANN: DICHTERLIEBE/BEETHOVEN: AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE. Ernst Haefliger, Tenor. Erik Werba, Piano. *(Leaflet of Texts.)* LPM 18 843 Stereo SLPM 138 843

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Leonard Gaskin: "Dixieland Hits Country and Western." Gaskin, bass; Sidney DeParis, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Charlie Queener, piano; Lee Blair, banjo; Herbie Lovelle, drums. Swingville 2040, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Inspired, no doubt, by the success of Ray Charles's forays into country and Western territory, this septet extends the benefits of Dixieland to such unfamiliar composers as Al Dexter, Al Trace, and Stan Jones, as well as to trusty old cayuses like "You Always Hurt the One You Love" and "Yellow Rose of Texas." There are dubious period effects (chiefly from the banjo), but Sidney DeParis and the seldom-heard Benny Morton each play handsome choruses. Morton, a Dixielander *faute de mieux*, has the hymnlike "It Is No Secret" pretty much to himself and turns in a moving, melodic version.
Woody Herman: "Woody Herman 1963." Herman, clarinet, and his fifteen-piece band. Philips 200-065, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Despite all the jeremiads about the big bands, Woody Herman has another herd, an exciting one, a corporate entity full of enthusiasm and admirable talent. With the exception of one by Tommy Newsome, all the arrangements here are by band members. Nat Pierce did "Molasses," "Tunin' In," and "Sister Sadie"; Gordon Brisker, "Blues for J. P." and "Lonesome Old Town"; Jack Gale, "Sig Ep"; and Bill Chase, "Camel Walk." Chase is a great source of strength in the powerhouse trumpet section, which also includes an imaginative and sensitive musician in Paul Fontaine. Phil Wilson's daring trombone solos impress both in terms of conception and execution, and Jake Hanna drums with spirit and taste. The clarinetist-leader, who picks the right notes and puts them in the right places, adds a comical vocal to the long but not ungainly "Camel Walk."
Illinois Jacquet: "Illinois Jacquet." Jacquet, alto and tenor saxophones, with septet, octet and nonet. Epic LA 16033, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Illinois Jacquet may never be able to live down the image of the wildly exhibitionistic tenor saxophonist he created years ago on Jazz at the Philharmonic tours, but he nevertheless remains an able and enjoyable soloist. In place of shrilly repeated high notes and stand-shaking honks, there may be heard here a style akin to that of Herschel Evans and Buddy Tate. It embraces a firm tone, concise but stirring phraseology, and a forceful rhythmic sense. On "Indiana" and "Reverie" he makes a surprising return to his earlier instrument, the alto saxophone. The contributions of Roy Eldridge (trumpet) and Sir Charles Thompson (piano) often outshine those of the leader, but all three swing on numbers like "Ydeen-O" in a way that is rapidly becoming a lost art.
Mundell Lowe: "Tacet for Neurotics: The Music of Alec Wilder." Lowe, guitar; Joe Wilder, trumpet; Jim Buffington, John Barrows, French horn; Don Hammond, flute; Jerry Roth, oboe; Jimmy Carroll, clarinet and bass clarinet; Harold Goltzer or Bernard Garfield, bassoon; Milt Hinton or Trigger Alpert, bass; Ed Shaugnessy, drums. Offbeat OLP, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Though this music largely defies categorization, it may very profitably be compared with the more elaborate structures afloat on the Third Stream. Wilder writes with grace, lucidity, and wit—three qualities reflected in his titles—and produces marvels of subtle coloring with a ten-piece orchestra of jazz and concert musicians. His twelve vignettes, illuminated by Mundell Lowe's skilled guitar playing, have a gentle but definite propulsion which is distinctly attractive. The perceptive liner notes are by Frank Sinatra no less, in earnest of his long-time esteem for Wilder's creative talent.
Schwartz, Thornel: "Soul Cookin'." Schwartz, guitar; Bill Leslie, tenor saxophone; Lawrence Olds, organ; Jerome Thomas or Donald Bailey, drums. Argo LP 704, $4.98.	This is the kind of contemporary jazz that probably has the largest public acceptance now. It thrives without critical acclaim, but it is played in scores of clubs, by hundreds of disc jockeys, and on thousands of juke boxes. The norm for citizens who never dream of writing any editor, and minus the pretensions of the avant-garde, the organ-and-tenor combination effectively holds the frontier for jazz against rock 'n' roll and its allies. Bill Leslie and Thornel Schwartz, who play their blues without self-consciousness and express themselves almost casually, easily evoke the not unattractive atmosphere of a dimly lit bar far past midnight.
Charlie Teagarden: "The Big Horn of Little 'T'." Teagarden, trumpet; Ronnie Di Fillips, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Tom Montgomery, drums. Coral CRL 57410, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Long overshadowed by his more famous brother Jack, the younger Teagarden makes pleasant listening again. He displays facility on trumpet and a pretty lyrical feeling here in ten performances recorded in a Las Vegas nightclub. The treatment generally owes much to the popular pattern established by Jonah Jones. There are several attractive solos by pianist Di Fillips.
Stanley Turrentine: "Up at Minton's." Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Grant Green, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Blue Note BLP 4070, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This continues the fruitful 1961 session at Minton's which began on Blue Note BLP 4069. Turrentine shows his flair for developing melody in the medium-tempo version of Harold Arlen's "Come Rain or Come Shine," and blows characteristically, with no straining after effect, in "Summertime" and the adventurous blues opener. The five men are stylistically well suited to one another and the atmosphere is sympathetic. Though only four numbers are played, extended treatment has resulted in remarkably few boring passages.
McCoy Tyner: "Reaching Fourth." Tyner, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Impulse A-33, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This is the second "solo" album by John Coltrane's talented pianist. On the first (Impulse A-18), he was accompanied by musicians accustomed to working with Coltrane, whose influence seemed seldom entirely absent. Here, given brilliant support by Henry Grimes and Roy Haynes, Tyner achieves a more personal note. A man of character, intelligence, and ideals, he brings a fresh, almost serene quality to his imaginative flights, not to mention a very good feeling for tempos. His "Blues Back" is an intriguing and considerably successful attempt to recreate the mood of the old blues without recourse to obvious clichés, past or present.
Gerald Wilson: "Moment of Truth." Wilson, arranger and conductor, with seventeen-piece band. Pacific Jazz PJ 61, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This album, more even than his previous "You Better Believe It!" (PJ-34), should help to establish Gerald Wilson as the most creative composer-arranger in jazz after Ellington and Strayh "While this isn't a simple band and the harmony and the structure of the material are advanced, says in the notes, "the search is for simplicity—but not simpleness." In this respect, a wonderful slow blues, "Moment of Truth," is extremely successful, but "Teri" and "Josefina" are even more revealing. There is gravity in his compositions, but it is the gravity of awe and admiration rather than of dismay. The band plays superbly and, though the emphasis is placed on the ensemble before individuals, Joe Pass (guitar), Teddy Edwards (tenor saxophone), Jack Wilson (piano), and Mel Lewis (drums) deserve special mention. —STANLEY DANCE.

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"Poppea" Semi-Vitalized

MONTEVERDI: *"L'Incoronazione di Poppea." Ursula Buckel, Antonie Fahberg, Genia Wilhelmi (sopranos), Eugenia Zareska and Sonia Karamanian (mezzo-sopranos), Hans-Ulrich Mielsch (tenor), Grayston Burgess (counter-tenor), Edward Wollitz (bass), and others with the Santini-Kammerorchester conducted by Rudolf Ewerhart.* Vox SOPBX 5113 (stereo) [OPBX 113 (mono)]. Six sides, $14.94.

Although "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" is one of the oldest operas still performed with anything approaching frequency, and despite the fact that Monteverdi was in his mid-seventies when he wrote it, the work is tremendously dramatic. Anyone performing it, therefore, seems faced with the choice of treating it as an antique, thus courting boredom—or as *verismo* theatre, thus courting a breach of style.

Actually, the choice is not quite that simple. Nothing in musical history books suggests that chronic dulness beset the pioneering opera houses of Venice and Naples, where "Poppea" had its first and second productions in 1642 and 1651 respectively. The Vox recording attempts a compromise solution. Rudolph Ewerhart has done relatively little tampering with the instrumental portions of the score; the orchestra is small and string-dominated, and the texture is kept simple to the point of starkness. It is likely, however, that the players of Monteverdi's day improvised and embellished a good deal more than their literal-minded counterparts on the recording do, reinforcing the emotional content of both the vocal line and the text as a result. In using his own straightforward edition, Ewerhart avoids the pitfalls of anachronisms perpetuated by such predecessors as D'Indy, Malipiero, Ghedini, and Krenek. But he minimizes the work's instrumental vitality at the same time. On the other hand, little embellishment is preferable to the wrong kind of embellishment, and since Ewerhart does make use of an authentic compliment of continuo instruments, the cause for complaint is minimal.

The singers, fortunately, are encouraged to declaim as dramatically as their superbly emotional lines warrant. (Busenello's libretto deals with passion, jealousy, love, hatred, and murder in bold, certain strokes, and even manages an effectively balanced interpolation of burlesque comedy.) One should not infer, however, that the Vox cast mistakes Monteverdi for Verdi.

The idiom is too stylized for that, and the company demonstrates sensitivity to its limitations. It is this sen-

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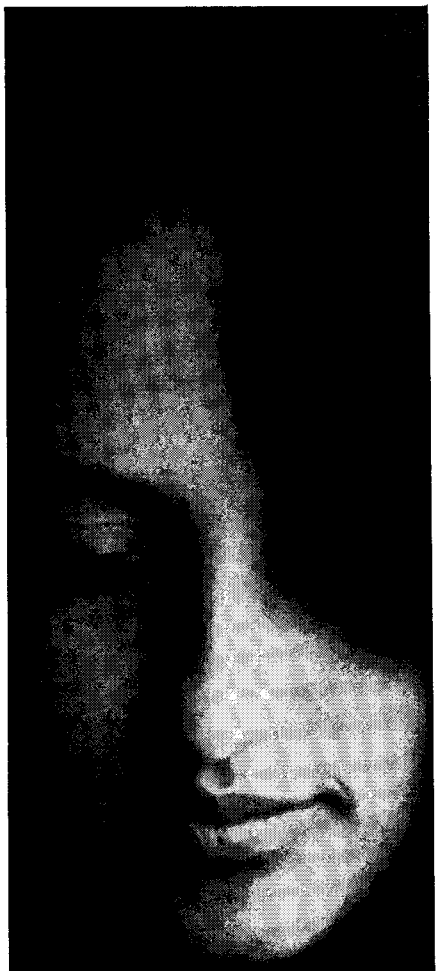

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sitivity, in fact, that makes the modest Vox effort superior to the ambitious Aix Festival production of 1961, for instance, even though the latter boasted star singers (Jane Rhodes, Teresa Berganza, Carol Smith, Robert Massard, Rolando Panerai) and unlimited visual aids.

The biggest flaw in the recording involves the casting of Ottone. Like most Monteverdi heroes, the role was intended for a castrato. In modern performances it is customarily given either to a female contralto or transposed for bass-baritone. Since the character is a warrior whose intense jealousy drives him to attempt murder, modern audiences tend to accept a low-voiced male most readily in the part. This also affords the desired contrast with the higher castrato part, Nero, usually assigned to a tenor (the excellent Hans-Ulrich Mielsch in the recording). Vox makes the curious mistake of using a counter-tenor for Ottone, thus emasculating the character's sound even beyond the confines of stylization. And to make matters worse, Grayston Gurgess produces ugly, unschooled tones that reinforce neither the music nor the musing assigned to him.

THE rest of the cast, dominated by singers from semi-provincial German houses like Wuppertal, is remarkably strong. And its Italian is surprisingly free of Nordic *qvestos* and *qvellas*. The only "name" in the roster is Eugenia Zareska, whose Ottavia benefits enough from urgency and tonal opulence in the middle register to offset growing stridency at the top. Ursula Buckel, known as a fine Bach singer, brings predictably fluent coloratura and purity to the title role, plus a degree of theatrical identification that compares more than favorably with the efforts of Rhodes in Aix or Leontyne Price in the American Opera Society production of 1958.

Another Bach specialist, Antonie Fahberg of Munich, manages the flowing line of the deus ex machina (Amore) with sure control, and Vox seems to have a find in Eduard Wollitz, who imparts tremendous basso-profondo dignity to the utterances of Seneca. He makes the most of that extraordinary scene in which Seneca resolves suicide in a noble arioso punctuated by the madrigal-like protests of his servants.

The stereo sound is fine, but the liner notes are scant, the translation is awkward, and the editing marred by too many typographical errors for comfort. Also, it should be noted that two sides of the review set were mislabeled. It would be gratifying if Vox could devote as much care to album-making as it does to music-making.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

Frost

Continued from page 23

He is that mangled lance, by light blasted,
He is that ship, the little worm devoured . . .

Frost's favorite figure of speech is synecdoche, in which the part is put for the whole—or vice versa. But for Frost never the vice versa: he speaks of the figure always as the part for the whole. Notes a student took quote him as saying, "Always, always a larger significance. A little thing launches a larger thing."

IF there are readers who think that Frost writes about little things, it is because they do not see what the little things are launching; they fail to follow the synecdoche. And if they think his means are straitened, they might reflect with Valéry, who, though so different from Frost, has said so many of the same things:

"Life itself goes on only in a framework of terribly narrow conditions . . . my hand has five fingers . . . an arbitrary number: it is for me to find some freedom in the exercise of this hand, and the most agile and adroit actions . . . will be due only to the consciousness of that limitation and to the effort I shall make to supplement by art and exercise the small group of *given* means."

The classicist knows very well that his hand has five fingers; he learns to adapt them. The romanticist brags he has seven.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Britten's "War Requiem," Decca "Siegfried"

LONDON.

AT KINGSWAY HALL during the first week of January, Decca recorded Britten's War Requiem. Try as I may, I cannot recall any "serious" recording project, let alone one involving a contemporary score, that has aroused such intense interest among the musical public. No sooner was it known that Decca's mission had been successfully accomplished than, even though the probable release date was still several months away, a steady stream of advance orders began to flow into the record shops—an unprecedented occurrence, indicative of the way in which this extraordinary work has stirred everyone's imagination.

These sessions—which, one gathers, went far better than anyone had dared to hope—brought together for the first and possibly the last time the three singers for whom Britten wrote the solo parts: Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. At the Coventry Cathedral premiere last May and at the Westminster Abbey performance in December, the soprano had been Heather Harper; on January 9, when we heard the Requiem for the first time in a secular setting (at the Royal Albert Hall), Vishnevskaya sang the part intended for her, but instead of Fischer-Dieskau we had the young Finnish baritone, Tom Krause, whose exceptionally beautiful voice and excellent English enunciation won him new admirers.

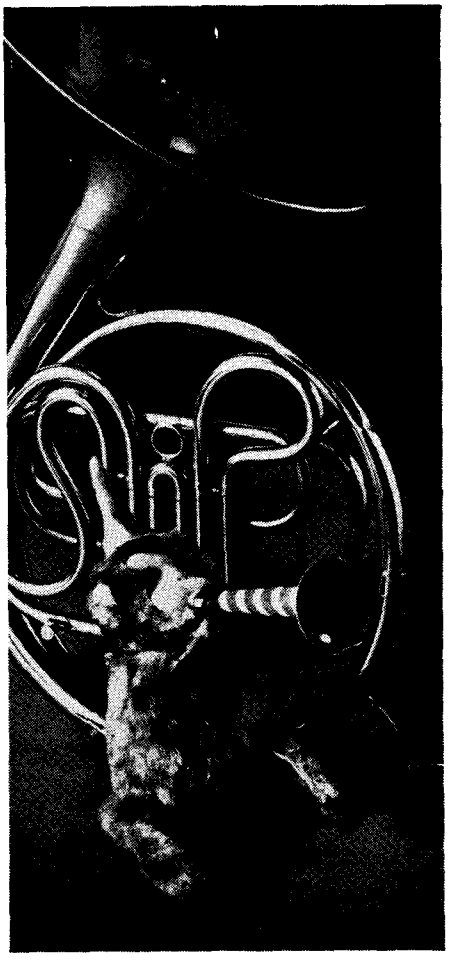
The hall was, of course, filled to capacity and, for once, this oft-maligned auditorium proved its acoustic worth by clarifying many passages which, in previous performances, had had to be taken on trust. This third hearing served not only to confirm the overwhelming emotional impact of a work which, for all its bitterness, is profoundly compassionate but to fill one with admiration and gratitude for the imagination and skill with which Britten has balanced his forces. No doubt the recording will reveal even more than was heard at the Albert Hall, but we shall, alas, miss the effect of the distant boys' choir from the uppermost galleries.

While we await Decca's album of the Requiem, which may be ready in time for Easter, March will once again witness the unveiling of one of this company's major operatic undertakings. Earlier projects to emerge at this time of year have included "Rheingold," "Tristan," and "Salome," all of which won for Solti and John Culshaw the major award of the coveted "Grand Prix du Disque"; this year it will be the turn of "Siegfried," a work never before recorded in its entirety. Once again Solti is in charge of the Vienna Philharmonic, with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, and Hans Hotter as the principals. And I tremble to think what fearful, stereophonic dragon the resourceful Mr. Culshaw has in store for us. . . .

Solti is also scheduled to direct a new RCA set of Verdi's "Falstaff" (possibly with our own Geraint Evans in the title role), although having recently heard him conduct this glorious score for the first time at Covent Garden I am not wholly convinced of his qualifications for the task at hand. Compared with Giulini, who, with Zeffirelli, launched the present production some while ago, Solti lacked finesse and there were times when he seemed ready to break up the flow of the music for the sake of additional, momentary excitement.

After suffering inexplicable neglect for over a century, the three operas of Hector Berlioz are at last beginning to be appreciated for their true worth. A few years ago, Covent Garden's production of "The Trojans" provided many of us with one of the musical experiences of a lifetime, and only a few days ago a concert performance of "Benvenuto Cellini," conducted by Dorati, revealed a hidden treasure of glorious music. Now Oiseau-Lyre has turned up trumps with the first-ever complete recording of "Béatrice et Bénédict." While we may regret the omission of the dialogue and carp at the all-British cast's imperfect command of the French language, such misgivings are obliterated by the joy of being able to listen at will to this lovely score. I only wish there were more of it, for the work contains scarcely a superfluous note. The performance is conducted by Colin Davis. The cast—which includes Josephine Veasey, April Cantelo, Helen Watts, John Mitchinson, and Eric Shilling—may seem modest but, linguistic barrier aside, the music is very well served. The clear and well-balanced recording provides the aural semblance of a concert performance.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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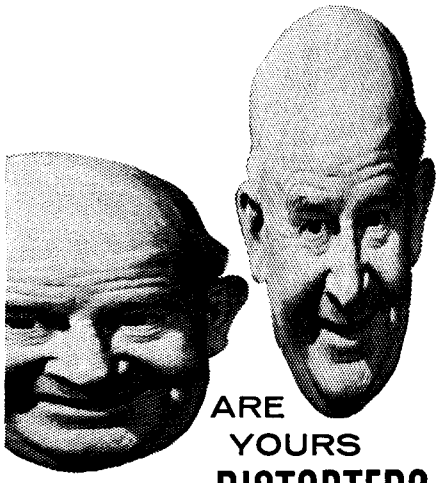

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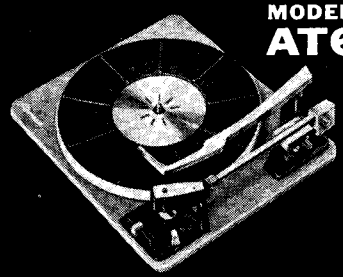

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

SONGS FOR SEXES

In your January 26 issue, Miss Winifred Cecil reviewed Columbia's record in tribute to Lotte Lehmann's seventy-fifth birthday. Her comment was most favorable. However, she slipped into the crevasse which separates the professional critic from the amateur when she put Mme. Lehmann on the pan for having dared to sing "men's songs."

Miss Cecil takes the prissy attitude that since Mme. Lehmann is a "womanly woman," she should not sing "Der Doppelgänger" or "In questa tomba oscura" or other songs which are customarily shouted, roared, or growled by vocal cords of male gender. To Miss Cecil, a song is not a song. It is a "man's song" or a "woman's song." This is sheer reactionary, intolerable nonsense.

Additionally, Miss Cecil, herself a singer in public many years ago if my memory serves me, stated in her review that a man would be "laughed off the stage" if he programmed "Gretchen am Spinnrade" or "Die junge Nonne." Miss Cecil, thousands of song lovers would walk miles to hear Cesare Valetti or Fischer-Dieskau sing either one of them, and they wouldn't walk across the street to hear them sung by any one of innumerable females.

William J. Fagan.

Sayville, L.I.

Editor's note: *Miss Cecil's professional standing, both as singer and critic, has long since been established. Also the premise, held widely by music lovers of all conditions, that the sense of the words should govern the suitability of an interpreter, especially where a man is describing his own emotion, as in "Der Doppelgänger."*

MGM REISSUES

Just a note to thank you for your splendid analysis of "The MGM Reissues" [*SR*, Jan. 26]. Many of our clientele who had never been aware of these recordings praised your article. I believe you have rendered a service to those who believe that music did not end with Mahler.

The Disc Shop.

Washington, D.C.

I was indeed pleased to find the very informative article concerning the recent MGM reissues. The fact that these rare performances have been brought back is of major importance to every discerning record collector. However, what impresses me even more is the speed with which *Saturday Review* disclosed their reappearance on the consumer market to the attention of the record-buying public. This is an example of the magazine's unending contributions which help every music lover to locate the records he desires. You make it possible for a person of moderate income, like myself, to enjoy the privilege of being a record connoisseur.

I sincerely hope that MGM eventually

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I would like to note that in the group of shops listed where these reissues may be purchased, the Book Clearing House of Boston was omitted. I have purchased my copies there where a large selection is now available.

RICHARD G. GOBEILLE.
Roxbury, Mass.

DUKELSKY ON DUKE

THE ARTICLE ON THE MGM reissues was signed by Richard Freed, a new name to me. I cannot but applaud a sympathetic and thorough review of almost the entire MGM "classical" catalogue, so ruthelessly —and, I feel, needlessly—"deleted" or "withdrawn." . . . However, I must take exception to the gratuitously slighting reference to myself.

Mr. Freed has this to say about the late Kurt Weill: "Before he came to America, K.W. had a reputation as a serious composer." True. Far be it from me to compare my talents (or reputation) with those of Weill, who, incidentally, was a good friend of mine; but may I remind Mr. Freed that I, too, was known as an industrious and oft-performed composer of "serious" music *both* in Europe, where I had my start at the age of twenty-one under the aegis of Serge de Diaghilev, who commissioned my ballet score for "Zephyr and Flora" (1925), and in America, where no less than seven symphonic works of mine were performed by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky's baton. Arthur Rodzinski, Leonard Bernstein, Frederick Stock, Vladimir Golschmann, Leon Barzin, and not a few others have also conducted my music. That I had a separate (and more lucrative) career as a composer of Broadway show music—also Hollywood musicals—is equally true; but to refer to me as "Songwriter Vernon Duke"—probably because I dropped my given name Vladimir Dukelsky around 1950—is both unfair and misleading.

Mr. Freed has no comment on "Souvenir de Monte Carlo" (an unproduced ballet score), which is all right with me—but I do object to his unwarranted classification of me as a songwriter. Do look me up in Grove's or Baker's, Mr. Freed—under *Dukelsky*.

VERNON DUKE.
(Vladimir Dukelsky)
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EVELYN BARRETT.
Chappaqua, N.Y.

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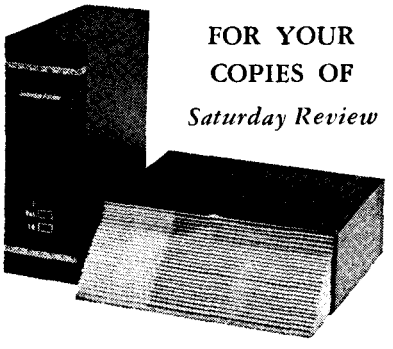

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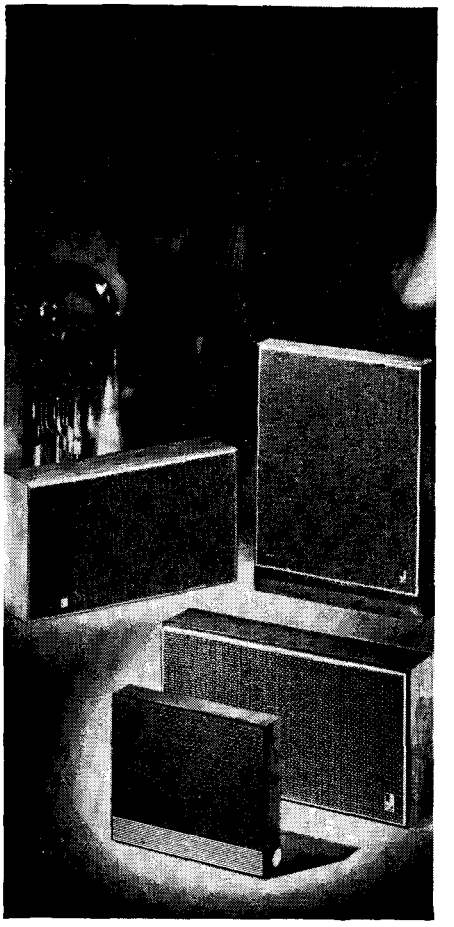

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Poulenc

(*Continued from page 50*)

Schippers are scheduled for Philharmonic Hall on April 11, 12, 13, and 14.

Along with these profounder expressions of his musicality there were recurrent evidences that the old high spirits were not suppressed, but merely redirected. A conspicuous example which has given delight to many is "Les Mamelles de Tirésias" of 1944. Drawn from the literature of his favorite Apollinaire, it has achieved the distinction of sharing a double bill with "La Bohème" at the Opéra-Comique. In a category related though different is "La Voix Humaine" of 1959. A monologue for soprano voice on the text of Cocteau, it is the kind of *tour de force* that might have tempted Poulenc in youth to a lighthearted trifle. Here the "trifle" is forty-five minutes in length and macabre—a despairing appeal via telephone by a discarded sweetheart to a lover who is getting married the next day.

There is much that could be said, in the proper place, about the ever more refined technical resources of Poulenc which made each of these new works a connoisseur's delight as well as a layman's pleasure, the aristocratic impulse to perfect design as well as to compelling expression which renews interest on a fifth or a tenth hearing. It is enough to say here that in the works by which he is best known today, the immemorial attributes of melody, harmony, rhythmic zest, and formal balance have been organized by Poulenc into shapes that are at once appealing and distinctive. The unsympathetic *avant-gardist* may say they please because they are unproblematic. By the same token, they stand fully revealed and transparent because they hide behind no facade of system or curtain of complexity which may disguise lack of invention or vagueness of purpose. They embody no special pleading nor do they beg the question of being liked.

Indeed, it is to me the merit of Poulenc that he had the audacity to accept the challenge of the past as part of the burden to be borne by the creator of the present. He was an individualist in youth and so he remained through his life. The difference was, however, that if he tweaked noses and cut irreverent capers when these were his impulses, he learned to obey his impulses when they led to different objectives by other means. His individuality, as he grew older, consisted of being true to himself and his own concept of music, and he won the rewards that sometimes come to faithful lovers.

He had his own way of phrasing the matter, as one can read from the words, or between the lines, of a letter (1955) to Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale when they asked him to provide some verbal comment for the two-piano sonata at its introduction. He mentions the circumstances that found him in the Hotel Beauvau in Marseilles when he began work on it, a hotel, he recalls, in which Chopin broke a journey from Majorca with George Sand. He cites the andante, whose composition preceded the other movements, as "the true center of the work" and adds: "It is no longer a question, as in the andante of the Concerto for Two Pianos, of a poetic game before a portrait of Mozart hanging on my wall, but a lyric and profound *élan*." The player at the game of music had become a servant to its spirit.

Taking the amount and diversity of Poulenc's work into full consideration with the high quality of much of it, Francis Poulenc stands, in my view, as the last in a long line of French composers descended from Couperin and Rameau. I say "in my view" because some might file a counterclaim on behalf of Darius Milhaud. With all respect for Milhaud's early work, som of it more original than anything Poulenc ever wrote, I do not hear in his later creations a comparable kind of fulfillment. As for the younger men—their official lexicon, "Since Debussy," does not even list Poulenc in the index.

In the introduction to Hell's biography, the English critic (and translator of his text) Edward Lockspeiser writes: "The exuberant Richard Strauss . . . is a composer after Francis Poulenc's heart." Allowing for all the possible differences, the reason could be that one was as much the end of a long sequence in the art of his country as the other—or, as Strauss once phrased it late in life, "a minor player with a bit part in the last act."

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(Continued on page 70, Column 2)

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TRAVEL

(Continued from page 69)

GYPSY TOURS—ARIZONA. Come in your car or ride *with me. Mobile commissary. Desert Wildflower*—March. Oak Creek Canyon, Navajoland, including Canyon de Chelly and Monument Valley—May, June. Wampler SR-2 Tours, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1507

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Contemporary newspaper woman beloved by the cooking housewife. (Surname only).

B. Nell Gwynne's vocation.

C. Trifling piece of finery.

D. Whatever may be made to corrode the surface of glass, metal, etc. or the person who effects such work.

E. A stratagem; sly trick; peculiarly difficult task requiring dexterity.

F. Tales of divine beings.

G. Afoot (3 wds.).

H. Substance of a military reputation, acc'g to Shakespeare; of financial losses in connection with John Law, 1720 (2 wds.).

I. Literary drudgery chiefly for pay, not in pursuit of perfection (2 wds.).

J. Biblical father who made the same mistake as did Agamemnon.

K. Of unfamiliar appearance or manner.

L. Drama Critics' Circle prize play of 1936-7, starred in by Burgess Meredith (2 wds.).

[illegible] Amer. authority on Samuel Johnson, best-known as a bibliophile, though he started out as a manufacturer of electrical things (1863-1940).

WORDS

176 10 82 124 115 87 88 16 183 170

122 56 27 163 18 180 193

39 29 137 25 89 1

114 117 102 26 78 96

186 199 162 104 64 86 34

91 154 75 103 14

125 38 185 100 80 146 73 9 11

127 161 49 62 175 70 167 105 52

55 12 135 140 157 112 107 171

6 119 173 164 113 48 187 177

57 198 174 4 65 74 106 182 191 21

28 3 30 194 92 7 22

134 139 110 47 95 126

DEFINITIONS

N. Pose.

O. Large, heavy domestic animal useful for drawing loads (2 wds.).

P. Metaphysician's word for keeping apart or withdrawing from life.

Q. Best-known telegraphic alphabet (2 wds.).

R. English poet (1837-1909), best-known for his "purple" flavor, who wrote some of his most tender things on babies.

S. Contemporary Amer. architect who headed board of design for N.Y. World's Fair of 1939-40 (Columbia Encyc.).

T. Elevated and usually important musical drama.

U. Accurately representing a living object.

V. Broad avenue in Berlin, formerly the pride and joy of the emperors (3 German wds.).

W. Possible indistinct utterance by a female parent who could have walked on Word V.

X. Obliterate.

Y. Meddle; of a horse, to strike one foot against the opposite one.

WORDS

168 79 33 63 99 93 44 136

98 36 72 151 20 8 45 179 166 133

152 131 158 192 51 61 128 97 123 143

15 23 59 121 108 54 150 84 129

132 40 181 53 189 165 111 81 35

17 41 159 120 2 83 178 188

197 181 147 71 141

43 32 142 138 67 68 149 77

58 69 94 116 145 200 5 169 31 66 155
19 190 109

13 24 118 85 144 90

195 46 50 130 196 156

37 153 60 148 76 160 101 42 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 C	2 S	3 L	4 K	5 V		6 J	7 L	8 O	9 G		10 A	11 G	12 I
13 W	14 F		15 Q	16 A	17 S	18 B	19 V		20 O	21 K	22 L	23 Q	24 W	25 C	26 D		27 B
28 L	29 C		30 L	31 V	32 U	33 N	34 E	35 R	36 O	37 Y	38 G	39 C		40 R	41 S	42 Y	43 U
44 N		45 O	46 X		47 M	48 J	49 H		50 X	51 P	52 H	53 R	54 Q	55 I		56 B	57 K
58 V	59 Q	60 Y		61 P	62 H	63 N	64 E	65 K	66 V	67 U		68 U	69 V		70 H	71 T	72 O
73 G	74 K	75 F	76 Y	77 U	78 D		79 N	80 G	81 R	82 A	83 S	84 Q		85 W	86 E	87 A	
88 A	89 C	90 W	91 F		92 L	93 N	94 V	95 M	96 D	97 P	98 O		99 N	100 G	101 Y		102 D
103 F	104 E	105 H	106 K	107 I	108 Q	109 V		110 M	111 R	112 I	113 J	114 D		115 A	116 V	117 D	118 W
119 J	120 S	121 Q		122 B	123 P	124 A		125 G	126 M		127 H	128 P	129 Q		130 X	131 P	132 R
133 O	134 M	135 I	136 N		137 C	138 U	139 M	140 I		141 T	142 U	143 P	144 W	145 V		146 G	147 T
148 Y	149 U		150 Q	151 O		152 P	153 Y	154 F		155 V	156 X	157 I	158 P		159 S	160 Y	
161 H	162 E	163 B		164 J	165 R	166 C	167 H	168 N	169 V	170 A		171 I	172 Y	173 J	174 K		175 H
176 A		177 J	178 S	179 O		180 B	181 T	182 K	183 A	184 R	185 G	186 E		187 J	188 S		189 R
190 V	191 K	192 P		193 B	194 L	195 X		196 X	197 T	198 K	199 E	200 V					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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